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**IMPORTANT!**

With each copy of this number of the **POLICE GAZETTE** goes, **GRATIS**, the Mammoth Colored Engraving of Kilrain and Smith as they appear in the ring.

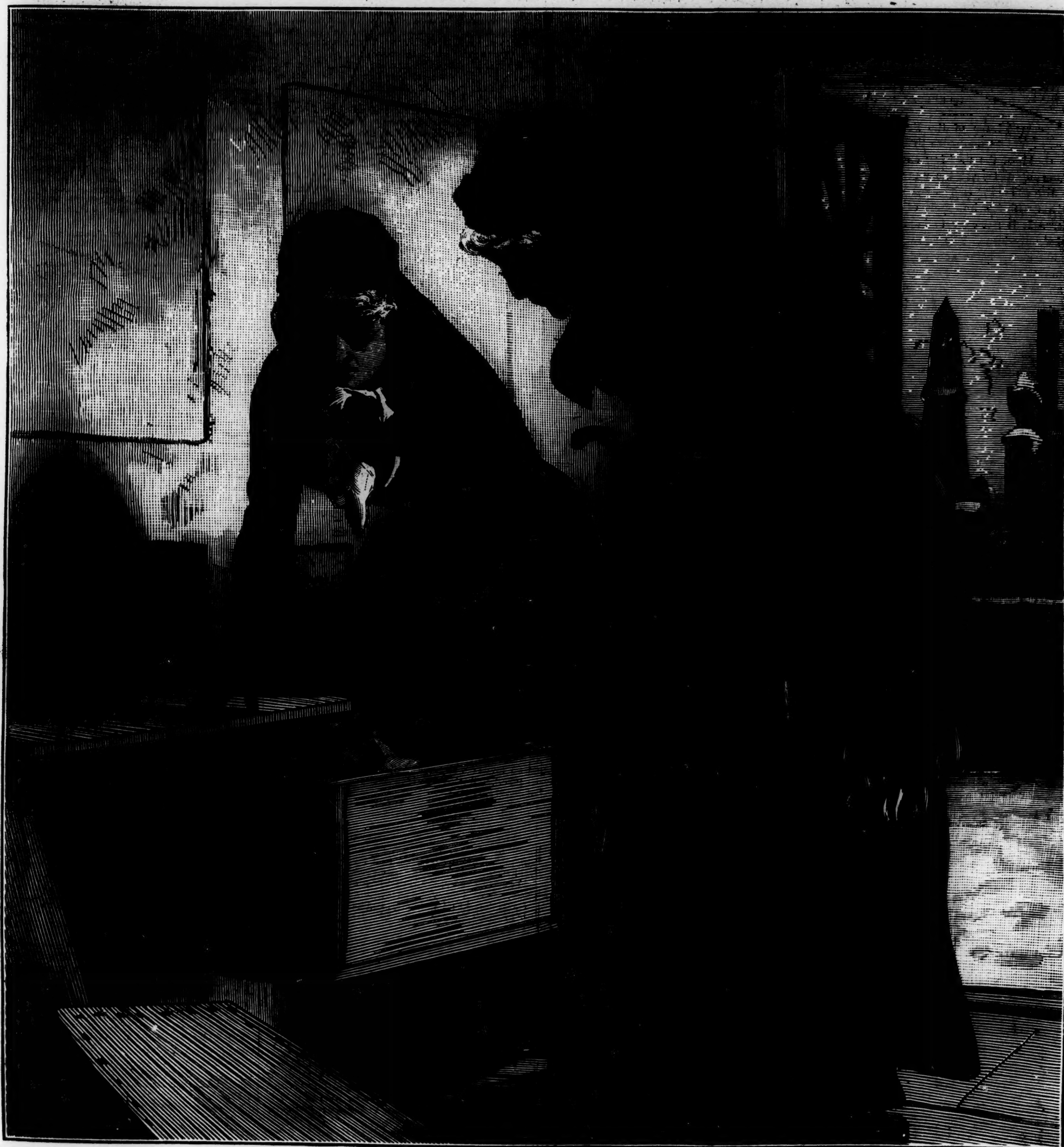
**THE NATIONAL**  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
**HOLIDAY NUMBER**  
**THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA**

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

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Price Ten Cents.



NINA AND HER DEAD.

THE PROXY WIFE OF AUGUST SPIES RAVES OVER HIS COFFIN IN THE VAULT IN WALDHEIM CEMETERY, CHICAGO.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

### KILRAIN'S COLORS.

In this issue will be found an accurate representation of the magnificent colors to be worn by Jake Kilrain in his fight with Jem Smith for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. These colors are printed on silk of the very best quality, and measure 34x35 inches. The designs are woven in brilliant hues, and the whole emblem constitutes a superb souvenir. They can be obtained at this office at the rate of \$5 apiece, which exactly covers their cost. As only a few have been manufactured all orders for them should be sent in at once.

### OUR NOBLE SELVES.

The present issue of the POLICE GAZETTE speaks with more eloquence than any human voice could of the untiring energy, the unflagging enterprise and the ungrudging liberality with which Richard K. Fox maintains his relations with his hundreds of thousands of readers. It is not easy to improve upon our usual weekly issue. The sun which rises one morning is the same sun which in the same manner rose the morning before and will again rise above the horizon at dawn next day. So it is with this great and well-founded newspaper. Week after week it comes up blazing with good things, so bright and so radiant that it would seem to be quite as impossible to increase its value as it would be to put a new face on the sun.

But every newspaper is, after all, only the expression of the man who owns and makes it. The POLICE GAZETTE is the measure of Richard K. Fox, and fortunately for its readers he is never weary of well doing, never content with the triumphs of the past, always wide awake to the possibilities of the future.

Before analyzing the present number of the paper, which fairly bristles with improvements and advances in the direction of popular pictorial journalism, let us first survey the domain of sports, over which the POLICE GAZETTE rules like an absolute monarch.

The resurrection, for example, of honest pugilism was due to the enterprise and the foresight of Richard K. Fox and his great newspaper. When he dug it out of the deep grave in which public contempt and distrust had buried it, it was almost a felony to discuss it.

To-day every newspaper in America gives more space to pugilism and its kindred sports than it does to religion or social news.

So with rowing, so with racing, so with baseball, so with every other manly and wholesome physical exercise and amusement. Their boom began with the new era of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the prodigality with which they are treated by the big dailies is entirely and solely due to the example set and the encouragement always provided by this paper.

In the present issue are two unanswerable testimonials to the enterprise of the POLICE GAZETTE. Our colored double-page engraving, to which every purchaser of this number is entitled gratis, represents an event in which public interest all the world over is concentrated. It depicts the two men, who represent the peaceful heroism of the English-speaking people met, as they will shortly meet, in friendly contention for mastery in strength and skill.

To whom is due this great international episode? To whose courage, to whose liberality, to whose enthusiasm, to whose money put up without an instant's hesitation?

There is but one name to fill the reply—Richard K. Fox.

On another page will be found a magnificent representation of the colors which will gird our champion's loins, and which, so says about ten thousand dollars of Richard K. Fox's money, will be the victorious banner in the great battle.

Still another double page vividly depicts the great game of football played on Thanksgiving Day, in which Yale wrested from Harvard the collegiate championship of America.

These are but samples, fresh and new, of the zeal and enterprise which will, so long as this world goes round, animate and direct the best and greatest illustrated newspaper in the world—the POLICE GAZETTE.

## THESE POOR PLAYERS.

How the Mimes of the Metropolis  
Strut Their Brief Hour Upon  
the Stage.

Now that Mrs. James Brown Potter and other ladies of rank and fashion too numerous to mention, have at last found that the stage is the only outlet for the long-repressed intellect and emotions of woman-kind, or words to that effect, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the entire sex has gone stage-crazy.

Off Broadway there are certain streets given up to teachers of acting and elocution. They are usually dismal and dingy old-fashioned houses in which the young idea is taught to shoot with a dramatic stub and twist. The professor—they are all of them "professors"—lives upstairs in a grimy back bedroom which is transformed every morning into a "parlor" by turning up the patent folding bed into something that looks, at a distance, like a bureau or a desk. On his inner wall are hung a lot of charts and pictures of open mouths, distended eyes and otherwise deformed and unpleasant-looking features. The carpet is worn threadbare by hundreds of prancing feet, and the wall paper has a greasy look, as if it had been intimately acquainted with any number of tragic wigs and leading-lady spit curls.

I know several of these "professors." They are all alike in one respect, much as they may differ in others. Every man jack of them has the only "method" by which it is possible to rise to fame, wealth and distinction on the stage, and every man jack of them wants to be paid his fees quarterly in advance.

One of them is a big burly Dutchman who lives on Eighth avenue, and is so economical that he wears a shirt four times as long as anybody else can. He has



the strongest lungs and the strongest health in the business. People who know him attribute the robust quality of his health to the fact that he invariably banquets on red herrings, chopped onions, sauerkraut and switzerkase three times a day. This gives his utterance such a flavor that he almost raises the roof every time he recites a Shakespearean selection.

This "professor" speaks with a dialect which would make Gus Williams turn green with envy, and yet he claims to teach "der, Anglich, bronunciation" better than any preceptor in New York. He never appeared on the stage in his life, unless it was in the capacity of assistant property man as the hind legs of a spectacular elephant. But he knows more about the "trama" than all the other authorities put together. If the expression of your face shows any doubt of his statements he always winds up by loftily assuring you that Edwin Booth, Joe Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, Charlotte Cushman and Lotta were all his pupils of his, and all learnt from him the art which they so profitably practice.

I was up in this gentleman's "barlor" the other day and caught him in the very act of aiding and abetting to go upon the stage two lank, middle-aged married women from Long Island.

Their home was somewhere in the wilds of Suffolk county, and they had grown tired of the monotonous round of a Long Island farm life. In a casual Sunday paper, which had floated their way, they had discovered my Dutch friend's advertisement and straightway made up their minds to become play actresses as soon as possible. So rigging themselves up in their antiquated finery, they sneaked to town and presented themselves at the dismal residence in which he carried on his star factory.

I got there just as they were negotiating with him for a course of lessons. He asked \$15 a quarter of each of them, and they were frightened out of their wits by the enormity of his demand. But when, in return, he solemnly guaranteed to find employment within six weeks for the pair of them—one as leading lady of the Madison Square Theatre and the other as chief sup-



port of Henry Irving—they expressed themselves quite satisfied and promised to come to him with the money the next succeeding Monday.

Another of these professors is a slim young man with an expression of perpetual hunger, which does not seem to be a mere affectation by any means. He lives in the vicinity of the Grand Opera House, way up on

the top floor of a four-story house. He wears clothes of fashionable cut, but they are painfully greasy and threadbare, and if you press him where he gets them he will tell you that he purchases them in "the Bay." He always has a two days' beard upon his sharp, sallow face. It is never less and never more than two days old, which, of course, is a very remarkable not to



say miraculous fact. Another characteristic of this young professor is that he smells of cigarettes, enough to knock you down. It must be admitted in his favor that he speaks English with a comparatively exact accent—that is to say, with the accent of the average East Side shop walker. He has the usual quantity of charts and diagrams on his wall, and he has, as usual, the only "method" by which anybody can achieve success on the stage. He is on intimate personal terms with Lester Wallace, and so he is ready to swear, A. M. Palmer never dreams of engaging an actor or actress without personally consulting him. He is not above confessing, moreover, that among his favorite and most successful pupils were Edwin Booth, Joe Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, Charlotte Cushman and Lotta.

It is a curious fact that the day I called on him, his conservatory, too, was the scene of a dramatic episode in real life. Just as I reached his stoop I saw a well-dressed middle-aged lady, accompanied by quite a nice-looking young man, who seemed to have a decided "pull" on a very pretty and equally well-dressed young girl. The "pull" was due to the fact that the elder lady had a strong, forcible and persuasive grip on the younger one's ear.

The remark that went with the operation was something like this:

"I'll teach you to run away from home to be an actress, Miss. You'll come right back with us on the next train, and if you make one more such exhibition of yourself I'll send you to a convent."

With these burning words, and a good deal of sobbing and whimpering on the part of the victim of maternal influence, they speedily dissolved in the dim distance followed by an eager and appreciative crowd of small boys.

On inquiring of the "professor" what the trouble might be, he shrugged his shoulders and hove a sigh which made the windows rattle.

"'Tis the same old story," he remarked with a dark frown. "That beautiful girl was one of my favorite pupils. She came from Tarrytown, and had the making of a great actress. Her father is a rich wholesale butcher, and I give you my word she would make about the best Pauline you ever set eyes on. She's



only been taking lessons this last three weeks, but I had made arrangements to star her for one successive night at Belvedere, N. J. This settles it, however, and I suppose we will have to give up all idea of her resuming her elocutionary and dramatic instruction. Too bad!"

"But you have got your fees in advance, haven't you?" Such was my artless question.

"Well, now what'd you take me for?" was the brief, earnest reply.

Another of the profession of my acquaintance is the janitor of a building on Broadway, and a very gaunt, lean, dyspeptic-looking chap he is. He is about as lank and bony a specimen of the human race as I ever saw, and his knobs and bumps are so big and so numerous that you could use him for a hat-rack on a pinch.

I said that he was the janitor of a building on Broadway. As a matter of fact he is a janitor by brevet. His wife is the real acting janitor, and he confines himself to teaching the young women of the neighborhood how to act. He has a "method," of course, and the quality of course, it is the only method recognized by the profession. He is not such a bold and gifted liar as his rivals up-town, but he will tell you, in lines almost as convincing, that Edwin Booth, Joe Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, Charlotte Cushman and Lotta all owe their fame and wealth to the fact that he was their preceptor.

This particular "professor" was at one time an actor. That is to say, he joined a theatrical company that was going to work one night stands exclusively. They made two such "stands" and by the time they struck the third their entire cash capital—\$42.00—was utterly exhausted. On the way home, owing to the trivial fact that he did not have the price of his fare concealed anywhere on his person, he was unceremoniously dumped by the conductor into a cranberry bog.

Whether it was the cranberries, or whether it was the bog, or whether it was the way in which he was dumped into it, my friend, "the professor," felt converted on the spot into a backslider, so far as acting for himself was concerned, and ever since has confined himself to teaching others how to act.

It must be said in behalf of this particular brand of "professor" that he does not really add a very large number annually to the horde of young men and young women who are fast making the American stage a howling waste. As a rule his pupils take a short course of lessons and then give up in despair all hopes of becoming "theatre folks."

I said a little while ago that all classes, and kinds, and conditions of men and women were nowadays yearning for celebrity in the "profess."

When I say that this ruling passion is literally strong in death and that the last gasp of some of our fellow creatures is the expression of disappointment that they couldn't appear before the public in a dramatic capacity, I don't stretch the truth a particle.

A doctor told me the other day that he was attending a married woman who was dying of consumption. The day before she climbed the golden stairs he sat by her bedside. A fearful coughing spell shook her emaciated frame and her eyes fairly started out of her head. He kept his hand on her pulse fully expecting that each would be the final convulsion.

As she slowly recovered from the unconsciousness of exhaustion she murmured:

"Oh! what I would give just to be able to go on the stage for one night!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the worthy doctor. "You on the stage with a cough like that—in your present state?"

"That's just it," she gasped. "Clara Morris would—die of envy—to see my realistic—business—as Camille!"

WOODEN SPOON.

### LATEST SPORTING NEWS.

Matters of General Interest to the Lovers of Sport at Home and Abroad.

W. Byrd Page, the world's champion high jumper, will give only two more exhibitions before retiring. The first of these will be in Baltimore, Dec. 21, on the grounds of the Baltimore Athletic Club, and the last will be at the Intercollegiate Sports next spring. He will never wholly abandon the sport as an amusement, but will retire from professional competitions. He is studying mechanical engineering.

John Lawlor, champion hand-ball player of Ireland, played against two crack amateurs, James McEvoy and William Morgan, Nov. 25, at Carey's Court, Brooklyn. The Irish champion was over-matched and beaten in straight games as follows:

McEvoy and Morgan..... 21 21 3rd.  
Mr. Lawlor..... 17 8 15-40

The "Police Gazette" Book of Rules, containing fifty-three pages of closely printed matter pertaining to the regulation of twenty-nine branches of sport, has just been issued by Mr. Richard K. Fox. Too much care could not be used in getting up an authority on matters so changeable as sporting rules.—New York World. The "Police Gazette" Book of Rules will be mailed to any address in the United States on receipt of 25 cents.

Among the well-known Americans who will witness the Kilrain-Smith prize fight will be Mr. Ed. Plummer, the sporting editor of the Star. He leaves for Europe on the North German Lloyd steamship Elbe this afternoon. A large delegation of sporting men will go to Hoboken to see Mr. Plummer off. During his absence the sporting department of the Star will be looked after by Mr. Samuel Whitehead and an efficient corps of assistants.—New York Star, Nov. 26.

Ed. Plummer, sporting editor of the "Star," sailed for England today to witness the Kilrain-Smith fight. Mr. Plummer takes with him Richard K. Fox to Jake Kilrain, Geo. Atkinson, Wm. E. Harding, Charley Mitchell and others in London, the colors of Kilrain, just turned out from the silk mill. The ground of the kerchief is white, with a red, white and blue border. In the centre is an excellent portrait of the head and bust of the champion. The two upper corners bear the national insignia of the United States and Ireland, in the two lower are the coat-of-arms of the States of Maryland and Massachusetts. The kerchief is 36x36 and made of the best pongee silk. They are the finest ever gotten up in this country. A big delegation of sporting men saw Mr. Plummer off.—Daily News, Nov. 26.

The following explains itself:

LONDON, NOV. 18, 1887.

Richard K. Fox:  
DEAR SIR—Yours of the 31st at hand. Everything is quiet here. Smith has gone into training at Brighton, and Kilrain has gone elsewhere. I have seen the great Jem Smith, and he is certainly a model, but too short in stature and reach to whip a man like Kilrain. In my opinion, it will be another Dempsey-LaBlanche fight, the rusher will wear himself out in finding his opponent. I do not see how Smith can get close enough to Kilrain to hurt him without meeting more than he can conveniently carry in the shape of Jake's left. Englishmen will, however, back Smith heavily to win, and Jake will make a barrel of money. Sullivan is not doing as well as expected. Mitchell has challenged him to a fight to a finish with raw luns. Agricultural Hall was packed on Saturday last to see the finish of the six-day race between cowboys and bicycles. Cowboys won by about 5 miles. I have made two matches, one with J. Smith, Cornish style, for £20, to come off Dec. 1, and the other with J. Wannop, three styles, Cornish, Cumberland and catch-as-catch-can, first down to loss, for £50 a side, to come off Dec. 12, after which I shall start for home. Expect to reach New York about Dec. 22. Would like to meet Lewis in a catch-as-catch-can match in New York or Philadelphia for a reasonable sum; or Connors in any kind of a match, for any sum. I will offer a purse to any man I cannot defeat at any style of wrestling. Should you hear from the Jap, will you kindly tell him to wait in New York for me, as I can take him to Upper Michigan and make some good money for both of us. Mr. Pascoe is well and sends regards, and accept same. Yours, etc., JACK CARENEK.

### FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

That Orleans is coming rapidly to the front there can be no question. The last streak of good luck was announced last Saturday when a telegram was received from New Orleans, that a ticket held in Orleans had drawn the neat sum of \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. The news was verified next day when the list of the drawing was received. The ticket has been forwarded to New Orleans by Wells, Fargo Express, and the money is expected here to-morrow or Monday. The news was received at first with many misgivings, but when verified the excitement ran high and the boys had to receive congratulations from everyone. That the money has fallen where it is appreciated there can be no doubt. If the Press could quote the expressions of each, and tell of the plans of each, it would have no room for anything else this week. Orleans has always patronized this lottery and it will now continue to do so. It has been the practice to invest so much each month and many a dollar has been returned to them from it.—Orleans (Neb.) Press, Nov. 18.

### THAT FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Last Tuesday morning, upon the arrival of the train from the East, there not only might have been, but there was, seen a very tired cavalcade consisting of some of the lucky men winding their way up from the depot taking turns in carrying about 60 lbs. of solid gold.

The money came from the Louisiana State Lottery, and was brought in by Wells Fargo Express at a cost of the trifle of \$135. It was taken to the First National bank and counted out, when it was found that there were just 750 of the bright \$20.00 gold pieces. The boys were each given a certificate of deposit and they showed them around to disbelieving friends.—Orleans (Neb.) Press, Nov. 25.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Mabel Smith.

The big mulatto whose pretty face is given above, is the wicked creature who severed her grandmother's head with an axe on Sunday night, November 14, in order to effect her elopement with her white paramour, who calls himself Thomas B. Heyward. After the decapitation Mabel and her lover skipped off in a buggy, only to fall in the hands of the clever sheriff, who saved the couple from lynching by locking them behind heavy iron doors where they are likely to repose for some time to come.

## THE DOG TOOK PART.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

We illustrate this week the interference of a bulldog in the Gilmore-Dennison fight at Luzerne, Pa., which is fully described on another page.

## GEORGE H. JOCKS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The arrest of Deputy Marshal George H. Jocks, charged with burglary and larceny, is the sensation of Muskegon, Mich., for the past week.

## LAURENT HOWARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This very popular and energetic young theatrical manager, who assists to run the Lee avenue (Brooklyn) Academy of Music, is portrayed on another page.

## ANNIE SUMMERVILLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This beautiful girl and bewitching little actress, who is the principal attraction of the "Corsair," now being played at the Bijou Opera House, is portrayed on another page.

## YALE STUDENTS BET EVERY CENT THEY HAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from New Haven, Nov. 24, says: All the students at Yale were infected with the betting mania, and considered the result of to-day's game a sure thing. The boys that had no money got the cash from bankers who loan money on personal property, like jewelry, &c. One of the students took his bicycle, a new one, to the back door, and raised about half its value and bet it against Harvard. Others took overcoats, books, watches, jewelry and the like to the establishments and got all they could, and then put up every cent they could rake and scrape. Had Harvard won, the boys on the Yale Campus would have been as poor as church mice for the next few days, or until they could have heard from home.

## CHASED ACROSS THE STAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Akron, Ohio, Nov. 24, says: Constable Nelson, of this city, took a prominent part in "Upside Down," the farcical performance given by the Daly company at the Academy of Music last night. Towards the end of the play the constable put in his appearance with a warrant for the arrest of Thomas Daly on a charge of assault and battery. Daly had prepared to escape, and had let down a rope on the outer wall to the street, intending to slide down. Nelson headed him off, however, and Daly took refuge in a proscenium box. The constable, after causing a great uproar behind the scenes, finally discovered his man. Daly jumped on the stage in the midst of the performance, and with his street shoes in his hand ran for the opposite flies with the officer after him.

The game of hide-and-seek was kept up for some time, the officer finally bagging his man and taking him before Justice Rice, who had been aroused from bed to hear the case. Early in the evening Daly had knocked down Charles Butler and W. Humbert, two well-known young men. They were standing in front of the hotel as Daly's wife passed, and the actor claimed that they offered an insulting remark to her. Squire Rice held midnight court, and, after hearing all the evidence, fined Daly, the costs amounting to \$12.

## LEE SHUNG ON THE RAMPAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 27, says: There was an exciting time on the Denver and Rio Grande west bound train to-day. A Chinaman named Lee Shung locked himself in a closet when the train was thirty miles east of Grand Junction, Col., and refused to come out. When the crew changed at Grand Junction the retiring conductor informed the incoming conductor, John Corlick, of the Chinaman's presence. Thirty miles west of Grand Junction brakeman Ganning got on a box and broke in the transom to get the Chinaman out.

Suddenly the door opened and Lee Shung sprang out with a long knife in his hand and made a lunge at the brakeman, narrowly missing ripping him up. Ganning ran to the next car. Lee Shung then rushed through the car, to the great alarm of the thirty passengers in it. He made a pass with his knife at a woman, but missed. Then he struck at George Heckbridge, laying open his stomach. By this time all in the car were wild with terror. Ganning came in with a revolver and shot the Chinaman three times, killing him almost instantly.

The train arrived here this evening with the Chinaman, who is supposed to have been a maniac. Heckbridge was taken to the hospital and will die before morning.

## BARNUM'S BLAZE.

The City of Bridgeport Sees More Elephants in One Night Than It Ever Dreamed of.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 23, says: The main building of Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth was entirely destroyed by fire this evening at 10:30. One of the watchmen was in the horse room. His lantern exploded, igniting the hay and straw. A general alarm was sounded and the entire fire department turned out. Thousands of people rushed in the direction of the big blaze, but in less than thirty minutes the great building was utterly consumed. The first information of the fire was from the roars of the lions and tigers. They seemed to realize approaching danger. Next the elephants struggled in their chains, but in an incredibly short space of time the flames were sweeping from one end of the building to the other. Before the first alarm had ceased sounding the entire affair was a mass of fire. The men dared not approach the building, being fearful of the crazed animals. Three elephants were burned up and thirty-six others broke from their bandages and dashed through the sides of the burning buildings. Their roars and trumpeting and sounds of torment were terrific. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the burning building and then escaped through the streets of Bridgeport.

They all presented a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned, and great pieces of flesh a foot square fell off. The herd of elephants and one big lion have started off over Fairfield county towards Fairfield and Easton. The greatest alarm has seized a great many of the residents of the west end. The lions and tigers were kept in wooden temporary cages. It was impossible to draw these clumsy affairs out of the building. The howls of the beasts drove people half crazy with fear. When it was realized that possibly some of the animals might escape, the inhabitants barricaded their doors and windows and hid themselves inside their houses. The entire police force is out and a reign of terror prevails. Everybody is helpless against the roaming elephants and lions. William Newman, the elephant trainer, is out of town, and the keepers are not able, in their excitement, to herd these frightened animals.

The main building of the show was 800 feet long, 200 feet wide and two stories high. The upper portion was filled with hay and with all the paraphernalia of the great show. In the horse room were all the ring horses—trained stallions, ponies, etc. These were all burned. In the upper rooms were tents, poles, seats, plumes, flags, and all the harnesses for the entire show, both for street parade and ring performance. All were burned.

In the cat room were birds, monkeys, three rhinoceroses, hyenas, tigers, lions and all the menagerie. In the elephant pen all the huge creatures were kept. Three of them were burned to death. So quick was the spread of the flames that no attempt was made to save the building. The firemen turned their feeble water supply on the chariot buildings and car sheds, which they succeeded in saving. All the chariots and table wagon were run out and saved. The heat was so intense that it was with the greatest difficulty the other buildings were preserved.

Before the building was down to the ground Barnum's agents were busily making arrangements for a new lot of structures to supply the loss. Mr. Brothwell, Barnum's Bridgeport agent, said the show building would be rebuilt, but not in Bridgeport. The great show will probably go to Jersey City, where greater railroad facilities can be had. There was but \$100,000 insurance. The loss is about \$700,000. Mr. Barnum is at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and James A. Bailey at his house, 24 St. Nicholas place. They have just been wired their great loss.

Of the six watchmen who were on the premises at the time the fire started one is missing.

## JAMES MALLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Dr. James O'Malley who is accused of criminal malpractice by Anna Davis, aged 18 years, whose widowed mother lives in Wilkesbarre, Pa., is the James Malley, who, with his cousin, Walter Malley, was made notorious by his trial for the murder of Jennie Cramer in New Haven in 1881. Miss Davis is in a dying condition, and has made affidavits accusing Dr. O'Malley of having performed a criminal operation upon her. She says that for several months, while he was practicing in Kingston, Dr. O'Malley frequently visited her; that he once got her into his office and kept her there, by force and under lock and key, for several days. He afterward would not allow her to go home, but kept her at other places, in Pittston and elsewhere. When she told him her condition, he persuaded her to take some medicines which he gave her, and a few days before she arrived in Wyoming, finding that the medicine did not have the desired effect, he performed an operation, and it was from the effects of this operation that she was now dying.

## KILRAINS' COLORS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we publish an excellent picture of the colors which will be worn by Jake Kilrain when fighting Jem Smith for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. The colors consist of a square of the richest and heaviest white silk, measuring 34 by 35 inches. In the centre is a large steel-plate engraving, half length, magnificently executed, of the American champion. As he looks out of the picture, with his arms folded, the effect is greater and more vivid than that of a photograph. In the upper left hand corner is the escutcheon of the United States, the Stars and Stripes being represented in their proper colors. In the upper right hand corner is the green shield of Erin, with the Irish harp blazoned thereon in gold. Underneath the portrait of Kilrain, also in their proper colors, are the crossed flags of the United States and Ireland, and in the left hand lower

corner the beautiful coat of arms of Massachusetts, brilliant with color, confronts the equally picturesque armorial device of Maryland. No such colors have ever hitherto adorned the waist of a gladiator.

## DEAD TO RIGHTS.

The Capture of a Pretended Spirit Who Turned Out to be the Medium.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Boston, Mass., November 19, says: One of the most prominent materializing mediums in town for a long time has been Mrs. Herman B. Fay, who has given public seances regularly in a fine house at 62 West Newton street. Yesterday afternoon the Record sent a party of ten young men and two young women to one of her seances, to test the genuineness of her spiritualistic manifestations. The visitors found fifteen others present, most of them men. Daylight was shut out of the room where the seance was given by heavy draperies. In one corner was the cabinet and opposite it were about thirty chairs for visitors, arranged in a semi-circle.

A pale dreamy-looking woman played on a cabinet organ.

Mrs. Fay is of medium height and is a strong athletic-looking woman. After announcing her rules and collecting \$1 a head from each person present the seance was begun. A figure in white emerged from the cabinet at three different times and beckoned to persons in the room to come into the cabinet, where they were greeted by alleged spirits of dead relatives or friends. The figure appeared a fourth time and evidently being convinced that it had a sympathetic audience, ventured far down the room.

It appeared as a gypsy girl, with long hair, flowing down her back. Advancing boldly, it paused in front of one of the investigators and confidently stretched forth both hands. Like a flash the man clinched them in a strong grasp and ejaculated "Now." Instantly a man ignited a bunch of matches, and the chandelier was a blaze of light. Other ready hands stripped away the curtains and the sun's rays flooded the room. In the center of the room, directly under the blaze of the chandelier, struggling, fighting, biting, scratching, like a tigress in the grasp of four strong men, who had all they could do to hold her, was Mrs. Herman Fay. She had said that the form would not be hers, but she got there just the same. Her flowing hair, a switch about two feet long, had been torn from her head in the melee, as was also her "robe," a piece of cheap cotton gauze about four yards long and two and a half yards wide. Captain Dixon, the master of ceremonies, who attempted to rescue Mrs. Fay, was grabbed around the neck by another athletic young man.

He struggled vigorously and shouted: "D-n you, let me go," but he was held in a firm clasp. A pair of shoes found in the cabinet were composed of three pieces of cork nailed together, one on top of the other, and having a strap to fasten them to Mrs. Fay's feet. When she represented tall figures she put these on her feet. Loud demands for their money was made by the unbelievers, and Captain Dixon was compelled to shell out \$1 to all who demanded it. The exposure was complete.

## HE ASKED FOR DIVINE STRENGTH,

So the Brethren Prayed for him, and the Next Day he Ran Away with the Funds.

A special from Boston, Nov. 23, says: L. E. Trussell is a wide-awake young man, who has been an active leader in the Baptist church in Sterling, Mass. At a recent prayer meeting in the church vestry he said to his brethren with much feeling:

"I feel to-night that I am indeed weak and sinful, and should invoke the aid and power of divine grace. I would ask, dear brothers and sisters, your prayers for one who does not feel that strength and saving grace that should come to a soldier of the cross."

He was prayed for, and at the conclusion of the petition he arose and said:

"I now feel and know that I am stronger on the Lord's side than ever."

The young man's strength seems to have given out the next day, for then he suddenly disappeared, taking with him the funds of the church, of which he was the treasurer, and leaving behind him other obligations.

Trussell came to town when a mere lad. He is now about 27 years old. He was brought up in the family of Deacon Ephraim Fairbanks, became active in church work when quite young, and gained a great influence among church people. He was made superintendent of the Sunday school, and then collector and treasurer of the society. Some time ago he paid attention to a young woman of Sterling, and they were engaged to be married. Then he suddenly went to Vergennes, Vt., and surprised everybody by marrying a young woman there. He came back to Sterling with his Vermont wife, and bought a farm adjoining that of Deacon Fairbanks.

After a few months Mrs. Trussell suddenly left him, and their child was put out to board at Clinton, where it soon died. Then a reconciliation was effected between the couple, and they lived together for a short time at the State Industrial School in Middletown, Conn. From there he returned to Sterling and devoted himself vigorously to church work. While at Middletown he was very much devoted to a young woman of that place, and there was some evidence to show that he had eloped with her.

The amount of Trussell's embezzlement as treasurer of the church and society is not known. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gunn, has received nothing in the way of salary since last June. The books have also disappeared, and there seems to be no way of straightening out the financial tangle.

## THEY BOUND AND GAGGED THE CHILDREN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Norwich, Conn., Nov. 25, says: The farmers have organized with shot guns and pistols to exterminate a gang of burglars in the town of Ledyard. Early Tuesday morning Peter Williams' house was entered by two masked men and robbed of \$20. The following afternoon the residence of Delano Sheldon was relieved by two men of its valuables. Mr. Sheldon is a thrifty farmer, and is also boss carpenter of the Hall Brothers' woolen mills in Hallville. Wednesday afternoon his wife left her two half-grown children in charge of the house while she visited a neighboring farm. Shortly after her departure two men entered the house, bound and gagged the children and ransacked the place from cellar to garret, securing \$75 and other valuables. The children were released, long after the departure of the thieves, by their mother, but were so frightened that they could give only a partial description of the men. They are supposed to be members of a professional gang that is working the surrounding country.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



"Ruby Royal" Heckler.

Who used to be the life and soul of the *Dramatic News*, is now rolling up the shekels as a wine agent. He represents the new swell brand of champagne which Mrs. Cleveland pronounced the best in the world, and which Augustus sells in a manner so fascinating and convincing that the sale of it is already ahead of all its rivals.

## Frederick Bickle.

The Union Bank of Duluth, Minn., was robbed of \$24,000 by young Bickle. Pinkerton, in his usual clever way collared Fred with the big boodle in Chicago.

## Miss Nellie Gallagher.

Miss Gallagher is the young lady who is alleged to have been married in New Haven, Conn., to Clifford W. Harbridge, of Yale, '87. There has been considerable scandal about the town and college regarding the affair.

## Jockey Spellman.

John Spellman was one of the best-known jockeys and turfmen in America. His recent death caused by a terrible beating in a house of ill-repute in this city is, up to the present writing, one of the mysteries of New York city.

## Henry Dieterich.

Officer Grass arrested Henry Dieterich in the saloon and restaurant 301 South Third street, St. Louis, the other day, upon the request of Mr. Theodore Fehlig, who caught Dieterich representing himself to be another man. The circumstances of the arrest, according to later developments, would indicate that Dieterich is the murderer of a former employer. By the skillful handling of the case Chief of Police Huebler of St. Louis, has shown that Dieterich is the murderer of Nicholas Brandt, of Shelbyville, Mo.

## Lizzie Buckley.

A handsome young woman was found on lower Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis, at an early hour Sunday morning a week ago. She was taken to the First precinct station, where she was found to be suffering from some powerful drug. One of her knees was badly bruised. The girl was sent to the hospital. She said her name was Lizzie Buckley, and that she lived on Cedar street in St. Paul. About two weeks ago she made the acquaintance of "Hank" Seeley, a well-known sporting man of Minneapolis, and at his solicitation she went to that city. Arriving there she drank a glass of beer with Seeley, and remembered no more until she woke up in a room in a business block. Here she was kept for a week, she says, and, after being plied with liquor, was subject to the vilest treatment from Seeley and three other men. Saturday night she was made drunk and taken out riding in a hack by Seeley and a friend, and when on Hennepin avenue, near Washington, she was thrown out into the street, falling upon the pavement.

## SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

First.—That the colors to be worn by Jake Kilrain, who is soon to fight Jem Smith for the championship of the world, \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, can now be obtained at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE, 340 Pearl street. A remittance of \$5 must accompany the order and by return mail the magnificent souvenir of the greatest pugilistic event of modern times will be forwarded, neatly packed in a cardboard box. It is within the strictest bounds of reason to say that no such work of art, of its kind, has ever commemorated a gladiatorial encounter. A full description of the colors together with a picture of them, are to be found elsewhere.

Second.—That Richard K. Fox has compiled and published a Book of Rules which contains every rule and decision of and relating to every known game. It is the one absolutely infallible authority on all games and no sporting man can afford to do without it. Everybody who owns a copy is enabled to act as referee or judge in any match, contest or competition. To put it in the reach of all classes, its price has been fixed at 25 cents, on receipt of which sum it will be at once mailed from this office.

Third.—That a special and elaborate number of the POLICE GAZETTE will be published devoted entirely to illustrations and descriptions of the great fight between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith. Every such illustration will be drawn and engraved expressly for the GAZETTE, and it is safe to predict that no such publication has ever yet been seen as we shall, on that occasion, present to our readers.

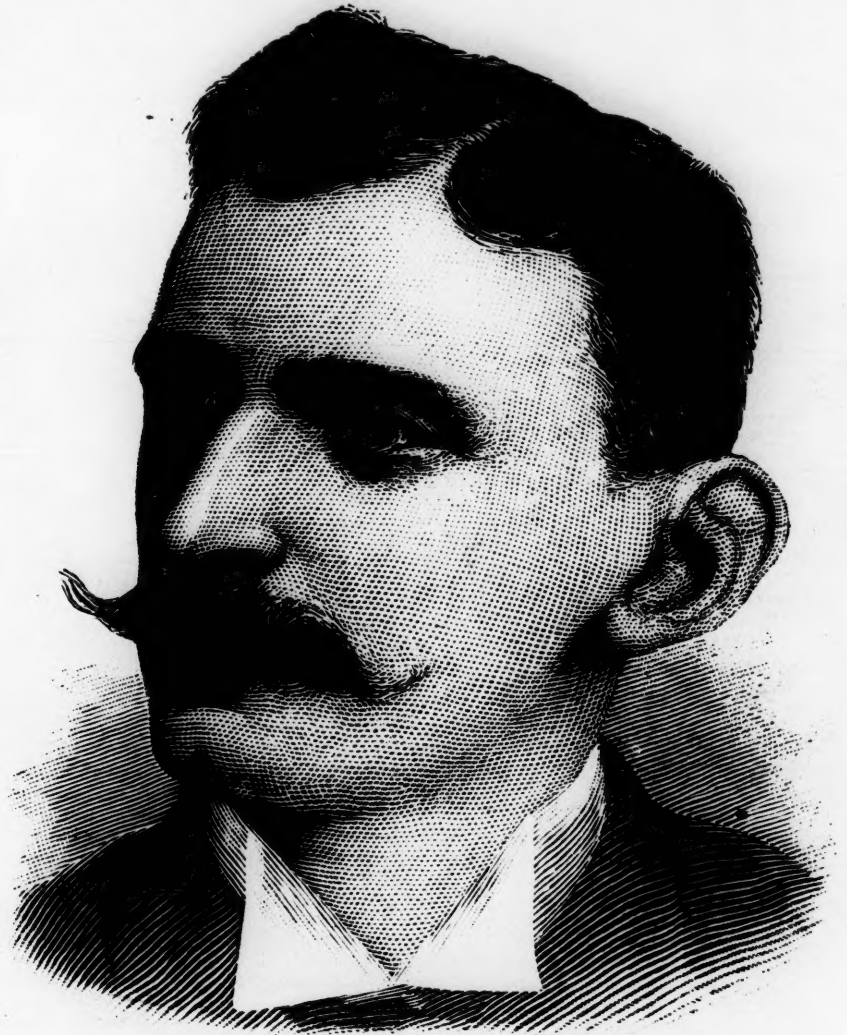




ANNIE SUMMERVILLE,  
THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO LEADS THE HANDSOME HORDE OF PIRATES IN  
RICE'S "CORSAIR."



CHASED ACROSS THE STAGE.  
CONSTABLE NELSON ADDS A LITTLE SCENE NOT DOWN ON THE PLAY-BILLS OF  
THE AKRON, OHIO, ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



LAURENT HOWARD,  
THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTING MANAGER OF THE LEE AVENUE, BROOKLYN,  
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



THEY WERE MADE TO LASH EACH OTHER.  
HENRIETTA BROOKS AND FOUR COLORED MEN AT LANCASTER, S. C., ARE COM-  
PELLED TO PUNISH ONE ANOTHER FOR FORGERY.

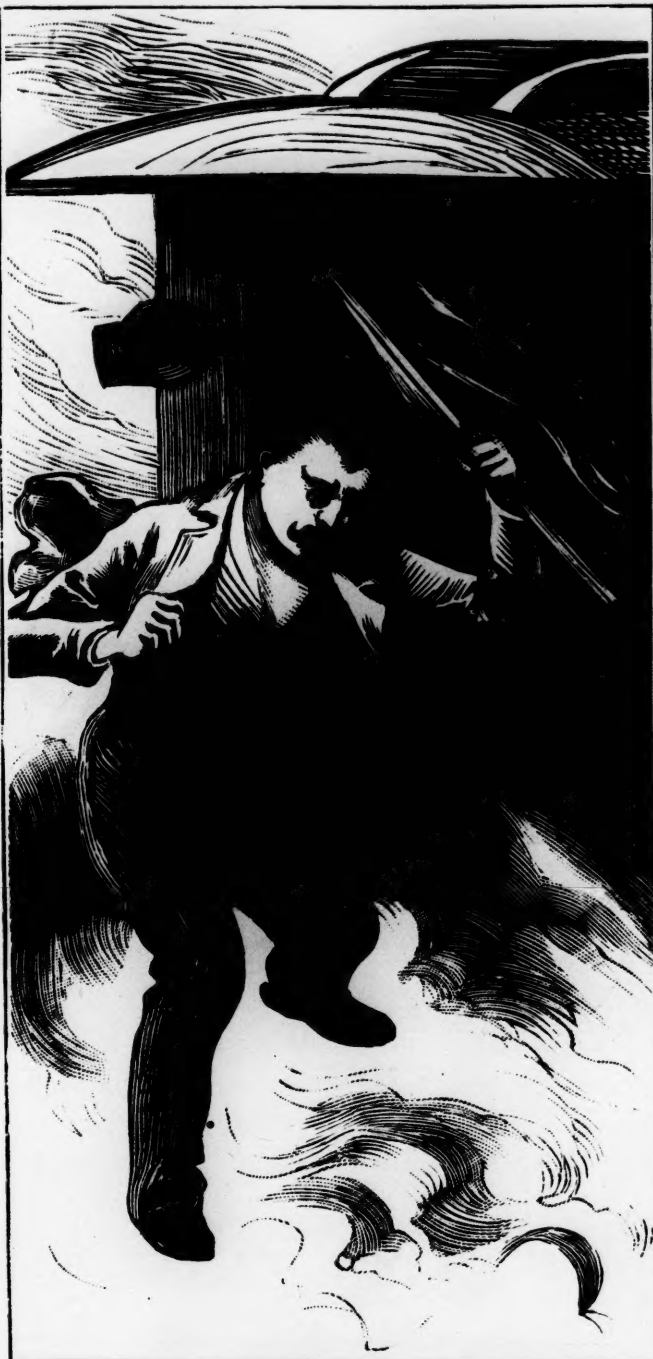


THEY GAGGED THE CHILDREN.  
THE HOME AND FAMILY OF DELANO SHELDON AT LEDYARD, CONN., ARE ABUSED  
BY A COUPLE OF VILLAINOUS TRAMPS.

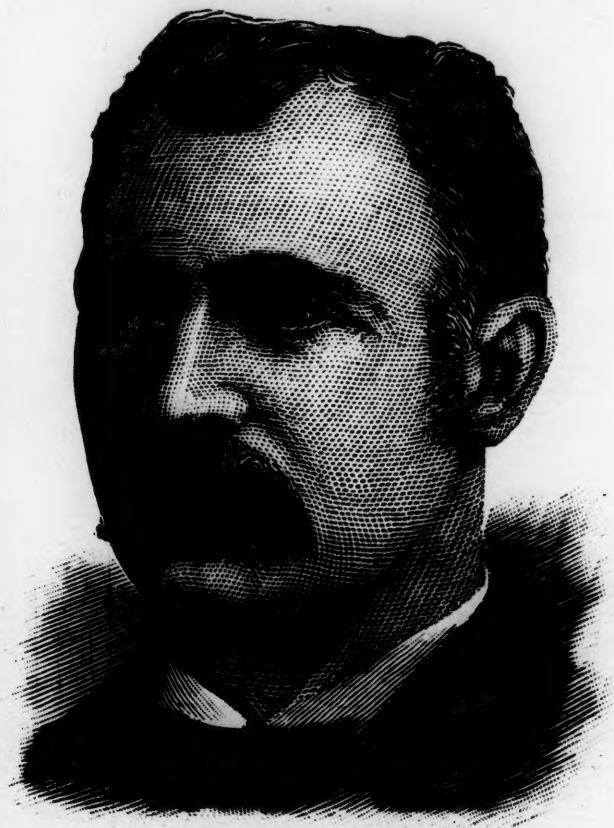




HENRY DIETERICH,  
WHO HAS BEEN CLEVERLY PINCHED FOR THE MURDER OF  
NICHOLAS BRANDT OF SHELBYNA, MO., AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



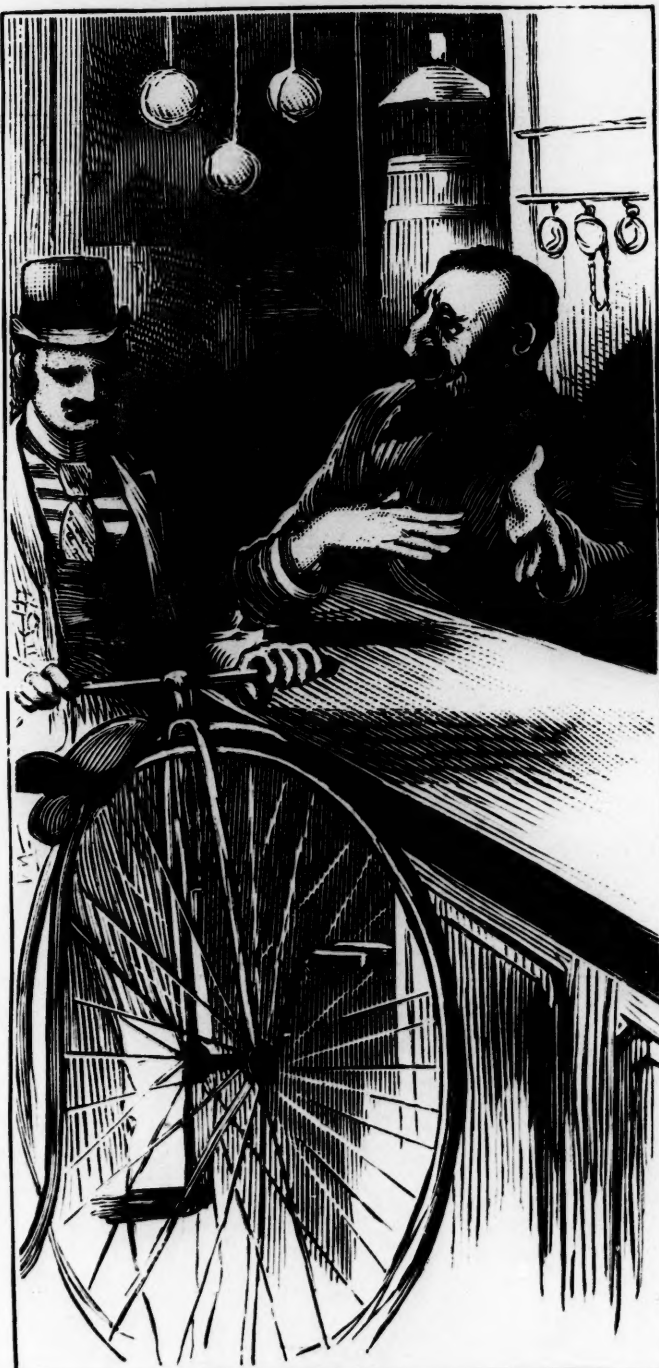
THE CONDUCTOR WAS GAME.  
IRA CLARK JUMPS FROM A FREIGHT TRAIN NEAR SYRACUSE,  
N. Y., IN ORDER TO FLAG AN ACCIDENT.



GEORGE H. JOCKS,  
THE DEPUTY MARSHAL ARRESTED ON THE CHARGE OF BURGLARY  
AND LARCENY AT MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.



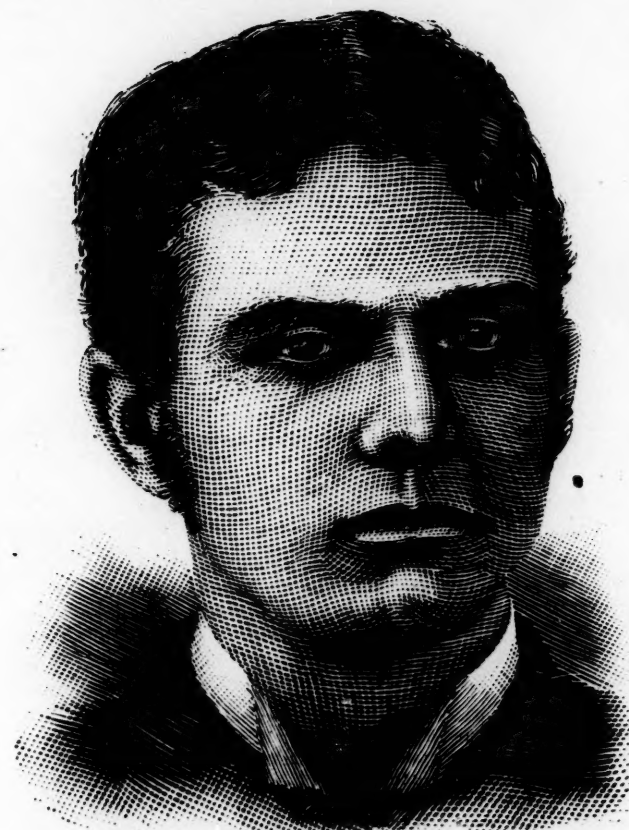
LIZZIE BUCKLEY,  
WHO WAS DRUGGED AND CARRIED OFF FROM ST. PAUL TO MIN-  
NEAPOLIS, AND THROWN INTO THE STREET HELPLESS.



HOCKED HIS WHEEL.  
AN ENTHUSIASTIC YALE STUDENT PAWNS HIS BICYCLE IN  
ORDER TO GET MONEY ON FOOTBALL.



MISS NELLIE GALLAGHER,  
THE YOUNG LADY WHO ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED TO  
CLIFFORD W. HARTRIDGE, OF YALE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



FREDERICK BICKLE,  
THE BANK CLERK WHO ROBBED THE UNION BANK OF DULUTH,  
MINN., CAPTURED BY FINKERTON IN CHICAGO.



JAMES MALLEY,  
OF THE JENNIE CRAMER-NEW HAVEN NOTORIETY AGAIN ACCUSED  
IN THE CASE OF ANNA DAVIS, KINGSTON, PA.



## "MONEY TALKS."

The Most Eloquent of All  
Tributes to Jake  
Kilrain.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS

Will Be Given Him to Bet On Him-  
self When He Enters  
the Ring.

### THE HISTORIC DRAFT.

Champion Jake Kilrain wound up his exhibition on the 12th ult., when he finished a week's engagement with Charley Mitchell at Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng. Of his appearance in that home of pugilism the *Sporting Life*, of London, says:

"The engagement of Kilrain and Mitchell at Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham, continues to be remarkably successful, and the presence of the two gladiators in the town has created much excitement. As they travel through the streets they are followed by admiring crowds, and the utmost curiosity is manifest with respect to Kilrain. His geniality and unassuming manners has gained many friends, and the 'boys' are particularly struck with him. Naturally, his presence in Birmingham has revived the interest taken in the forthcoming championship fight, and Smith, who is known to the admirers of the game, is considered to be the most fitting opponent for Kilrain. It is generally acknowledged that the meeting in January will surpass in its stubborn character and excellence anything seen in the fistic arena for many years—at least, such are the conjectures in Birmingham, the sporting inhabitants of which important town may well be able to judge. While repeating that Day's Hall was crowded on Monday evening, it was even more so last night. The attendance of the general public was augmented in an important particular by a large number of persons attached to Buffalo's Bill's troupe, including a major portion of the Indian tribe, whose appearance created no little amount of excitement, coupled with amusement. The Indians manifested an interest of the most intense character in the whole of the programme, but more especially in the meeting of the two gladiators, Kilrain and Mitchell. The display of boxing tickled their fancy, and they yelled vociferously at every point displayed. Mitchell and Kilrain will conclude their Birmingham engagement this evening."

His tour through the different cities of England and Ireland was a series of triumphs. All whom he comes in contact with he makes his friends, and he has been the recipient of many presents, some of them of considerable monetary value.

The attempts of the Boston slinger and his clique to bias the minds of the public against him don't work for a little bit. That the Bostonian's day has gone by is the opinion in sporting circles in England. A gentleman in London, an authority among sports, and whose word is his bond, writes that the reports published here are the work of the big 'un's advance agent and head shouter, and that as a drawing card he is a dead failure. His appearance in London was advertised and worked up in every conceivable way known to a tricky advance man for weeks previous to his leaving this side, and the day he landed the newspapers all contained column notices of the time of his arrival in London, and yet there was not near so many at the Easton Square station as there was present to greet Kilrain when he reached London, whose appearance was made without any hurrahing by the press.

His bluffs at Mitchell the latter answered by posting £500 with the Marquis of Queensberry, and calling on the big 'un to cover it if he dare and make a match to fight to a finish with bare knuckles, a limited number of spectators to be present.

Kilrain and Mitchell have selected quarters in a very quiet place in one of the most exclusive watering places in England for the champion to train. They went down to their quarters on the 13th.

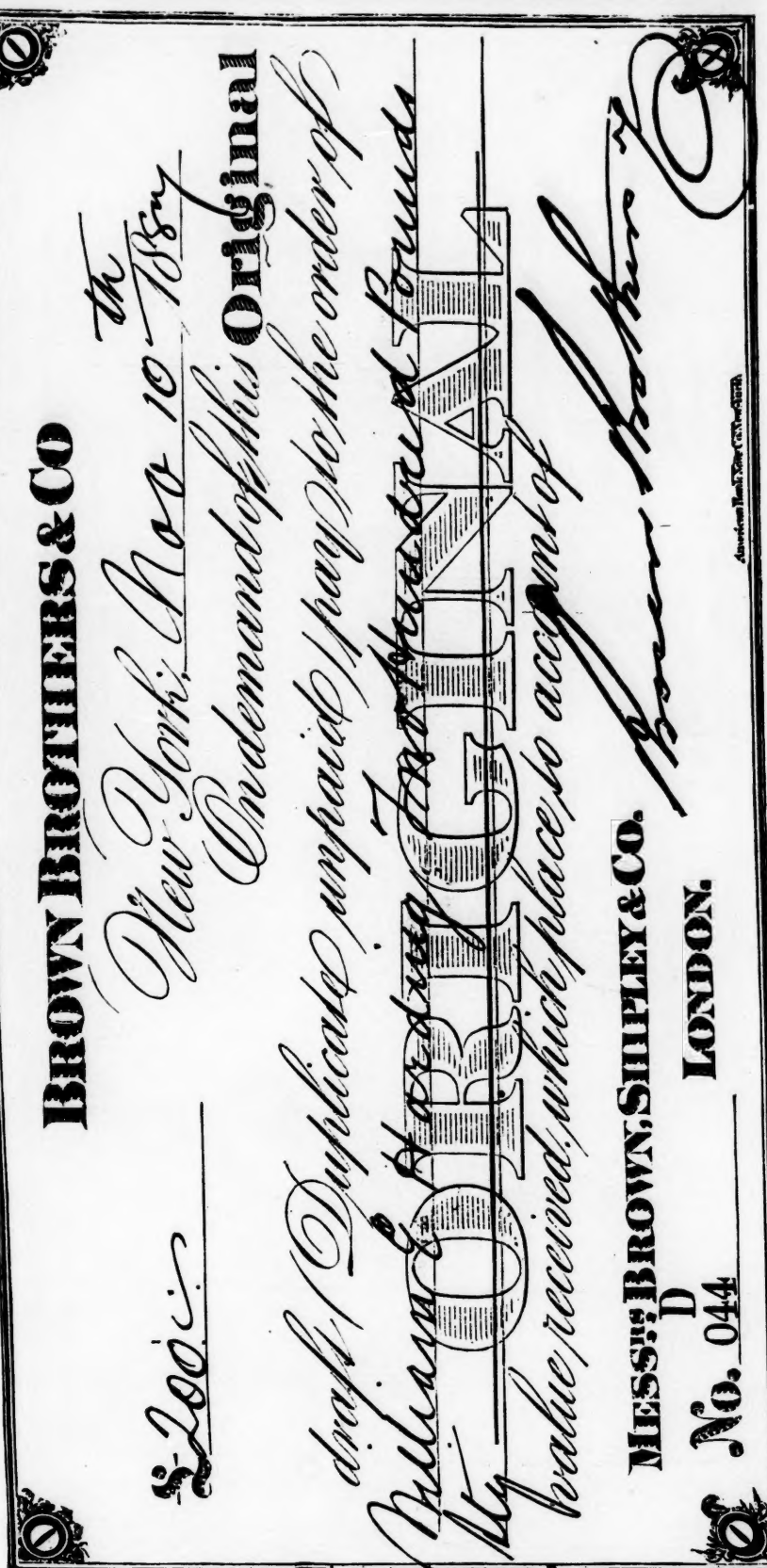
Kilrain started into strict training for his coming great battle with the English champion, on the 14th inst., with Charley Mitchell as his mentor. Jake takes to training like a duck takes to water. He is an earnest conscientious worker. His constitution was never tried by dissipation of any sort, and he can be got fit as a fiddle in three weeks' time. He will be kept to his work up to the last moment. The final details of the fight are left in the hands of Wm. E. Harding, who sailed from here on the Etruria Nov. 12, to represent Mr. Fox. The Etruria arrived at Queenstown on the 19th.

John Fleming, Smith's backer, will act with Mr. Harding in selecting the battle ground, which will be in the vicinity of Madrid, Spain. They will both select the fifty each side is allowed to have present at the fight and any name either of them object to on the other's list must be stricken off and some other substituted. The inducement held out to Kilrain by Mr. Fox has never been equalled by a backer in the world, the entire stake in the match, \$10,000, he has written Kilrain he will give him in case he wins, and he has also sent over by Harding a draft for \$1,000, to be given Kilrain to back himself against Smith when he enters the ring, and Kilrain will win it, is the general opinion of all sporting men.

The Baltimore *American* of a recent date contained the following: "The international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, of this city, and Jem Smith, of London, will take place in Spain on January 3. If arrangements can be made, the match may come off before Christmas, as both men are anxious to have it over. There is an even chance that Kilrain will win, despite the efforts of Sullivan and Shedy to depreciate his worth. He has the advantage of a superb condition and a superior amount of science, neither of which Smith possesses. The Englishman, however, is more powerful than Kilrain, and perhaps has greater endurance, but these

requisites can hardly get the better of science unless an accident occurs. The talk that Kilrain will not receive fair treatment because of Charley Mitchell's connection with the fight is mere bosh. Mitchell has everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by Kilrain winning, while if Smith should do the American, Mitchell's reputation and pocket would both suffer. Stick a pin right in this sentence: If the spectators, referee and timekeepers treat Kilrain as fairly as Mitchell, Kilrain will win the fight. If he does, Mr.

Fox will back him against Sullivan for any amount the so-called champion is willing to put up. And there is a good large show of Kilrain retiring Sullivan from the ring if they should ever meet. Sullivan's big reputation is due to the newspapers, while Kilrain owes his to hard work. Excepting the Ryan fight, Sullivan never fought a real prize fight in his life. Kilrain, on the other hand, has met and defeated some of the leading lights of this country and abroad. The Baltimorean has always been anxious to meet Sullivan and



THE DRAFT FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

To be handed to  
"Jake Kilrain  
when he enters the ring to  
bet on himself.  
Richard K. Fox

THE ENDORSEMENT ON THE BACK.

test his powers, but the latter has always evaded any proposition for a meeting, or, after agreeing to a meeting, afterward backed out.

"This occurred when Sullivan and his combination showed in this city last winter. Several friends of Kilrain tried to get up a meeting of the two men with Pat Shedy, then manager of the champion. It was proposed by the Baltimorean that the meeting should be a public one, with the smallest gloves allowed by law; the winner in six or ten rounds to take 65 per cent, and the loser the balance of the gate receipts. Shedy positively declined the terms, explaining that as Sullivan was sure to win, he ought to receive the entire gross receipts. He further stated that Sullivan was tired of making money for men like Cardiff, Kilrain and others, and that in future he proposed to take everything in all the fights he won. Kilrain's friends then offered to back their man against Sullivan for a purse of any amount from \$500 a side up to \$2,500. One of those present at the conference volunteered the information that Kilrain very naturally would not consent to a purse fight in private, unless he thought he had some chance of winning; and if, as he claims, he had a show to win in such a fight, why should he not agree to fight in public a given number of rounds, the gross receipts to go to the winner. This, he said, would yield Kilrain more money if he should win than a purse fight, while on the other hand if he should lose, he would be no worse off than in the purse fight. Kilrain explained that he would not be given a fair show in a public fight where the audience would have its mind already made up as to the question of superiority before the mill began, and no matter how many points he secured, unless he completely knocked out his man he would get no credit. Besides the police would not allow much slugging to be done in public, which, after all, is just as necessary in deciding the championship as science and endurance. In a private fight, however, Kilrain thought he would be on an equal footing with his adversary, and the audience, though limited, would be made up of men who understood prize fighting in all its details, and men who are always willing to concede points to whoever scores them, be he the favorite or be he the chump. In this sort of a fight Kilrain considered his chances at least a hundred per cent. better than in a public go. He also added that he preferred the private fight to be to a finish, a privilege he thought a man of Sullivan's reputation could afford to allow, because, he explained, if he could stand the big fellows' rushes for six rounds, he was pretty sure he could whip him in ten, twelve or fifteen rounds.

In answer, Shedy, with Sullivan's permission, consented to pit the champion against Kilrain, in a finish fight for \$2,500 a side. "And," said Shedy, "if you fellows cannot raise the amount, John L. will give you a go for \$500 a side, just to show you how easily he can win." Continuing, he said he considered Kilrain a good one, but not the next best one to Sullivan. That title, he thought, belonged to Killen, of St. Paul, who, he believed could knock out Jake. Before the combination left town, Kilrain's friends assured Shedy that the \$2,500 to back Kilrain would be forthcoming in a few days, when articles of agreement could be signed. This was agreeable to Shedy and Sullivan, who left town the next day, promising to let the committee hear from them as soon as they reached their next stopping place. But nothing was heard in regard to the matter. After three weeks' waiting, Kilrain was summoned to New York by Richard K. Fox, who agreed to back him against Sullivan for any amount up to \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. As a guarantee of good faith, Richard K. Fox made a forfeit deposit of \$1,000 with the New York *Clipper*, which Sullivan was asked to cover. But he never did so. He waited until Mr. Fox arranged the match with Jem Smith, when he came forward and, with the assistance of Shedy, tried to depreciate its importance. After Kilrain got on the other side to prepare for the fight, instead of backing up the American, Sullivan and his friends were quoted in the newspapers as considering the match a huge joke. Next, the big fellow determined to visit England himself, for the purpose of settling up some accounts with Mitchell, and to meet the winner of the international bout. A New York paper, at the time he sailed, quoted Sullivan as saying to a group of his friends something like this: "Don't think I'm going over to back up Kilrain; I shall do all I can to make him win, because he comes from this country, and because he is going to fight an Englishman, whom I think he can and will defeat."

Then the good ship pulled off, and was soon lost in the distance. Hardly had it reached the other side, when the cable flashed back to the same journal that published the above remark, in substance this paragraph: "Sullivan was then introduced to the immense assemblage in Music Hall, and in response to loud calls for a speech, said, in reference to Kilrain, 'I think Jem Smith a good one, and have no doubt he will easily dispose of Kilrain, who professes to hold the championship of the world.' [Immense applause.] Now, was it fair for Sullivan to make such a statement about one of his own countrymen on the eve of his meeting with the Englishman, and did he keep his promise that he would not back up Kilrain? Sullivan's days in the ring are numbered. Before his return to America, or soon afterwards, he will meet his Waterloo at the hands of some English heavy-weight, or, perhaps, from Kilrain himself, and if he does, there will not be much sleeping in Baltimore."

In a letter to Richard K. Fox, a well-known American sporting man, now in London, says that Jake Kilrain makes friends wherever he goes, and that he has received many handsome presents from his admirers. This gentleman says that the report that Mitchell assaulted two American newspaper men was made out of whole cloth. He merely put an abusive man out of his dressing room. Sullivan is not making any money in England, despite the reports to the contrary, and the Americans are getting tired of his enmity to Kilrain.—*N. Y. Star*, Nov. 20.

Mr. Thos. Walters, of the Beaufort Club, Dublin, Ireland, the backer of the Irish champion hand-ball player John Lawlor, is a staunch admirer of champion Kilrain, and says he will bet on him to win. Mr. Walters knows Smith well and says that Kilrain is the cleverer boxer and better general, and that with his advantage in reach he should have an easy job doing Smith.

Rocky Moore says: "Kilrain should and will win if he gets a square deal."

Ishmael Wilson, newsdealer, 43 York street, Nottingham, England, writes: "Champion Kilrain is a decided favorite here, and though an Englishman I want to see the best man win, and I know Kilrain will make a grand battle."

Harry Hudson, Fort Sidney, Neb.: "All honor to Richard K. Fox, and success to Kilrain."

Edgar A. Smyth, Whitney, Iowa: "I wish good luck to Kilrain."

Tom Kelly, of St. Louis: "Kilrain can beat any man in the world for my money." Kilrain's colors hang over his bar.



## BIG BALL.

## The Great Match on the Polo Grounds Between Harvard and Yale.

## A HARD STRUGGLE

Scenes and Incidents of the Annual Contest For Supremacy at Football.

WON BY YALE'S MEN.

[SUBJECT OF DOUBLE PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

If the noble Roman who cheered as he saw the bloody coxcombs of distinguished gladiators, or the cavalier Spaniard who likes to see a countryman try to get at the bull before the bull gets at him, had taken a seat at the Polo Grounds Thanksgiving Day and seen but one act of getting a football on the ground and about twenty-two Yale and Harvard men in assorted positions on top of it, reminiscences of the stupid sports of old times would have driven him away to drown his mortification in Harlem beer.

The Polo grounds have two entrances, one at the northwest corner for people in carriages and on tally-hos as well as for people on foot, and one at the opposite corner for people on foot exclusively. There are turnstiles to count foot passengers at each entrance, and Manager Mutrie ascertained after the struggle was over and Yale had won the championship that the stiles registered 17,900. When the tally-hos—and there were about all the town could scrape up there—loaded with fair girls and noisy boys, entered, the stiles were whirled about, so it was said, to register every blessed one of them.

Yale won the toss, and took the west side, and the ball was laid down for a moment of quiet and solitude,



WAITING FOR THE KICK-OFF.

while the men ranged themselves in this position:

YALE.		HARVARD.	
A. Graves.	Pratt.	Cummock.	Woodman.
Bull. Beecher.	Cross.	Woodruff.	Boyd.
W. Graves.	Corbin.	Markoe.	Harding.
	Carter.	Wood.	Sears.
	Gill.	Butler.	Porter.
	Wallace.	Bancroft.	

Big Corbin of Yale's rush line, facing Markoe stepped up and kicked off, and then the trouble began. Porter of Harvard got hold of the ball about the time several Yale rushers got hold of him. There was a collision, a pushing match, a splash, bent and wriggling forms on the ground, and a Harvard man who had got the ball had just enough wind left to grunt, "Down." Then there was a scrimmage, somebody, neither the players nor the crowd seemed to know who, got the ball, and in an indefinite but decided manner as many players got on top of somebody as could conveniently pile themselves into one heap.

It was Yale's ball. Corbin snapped it back to Beecher, who slung it deftly back to W. Graves, who, quick as lightning, tucked the ball under one arm, and striking his other arm out viciously to ward off the approach of several Harvard rushers, started to run toward Harvard's goal. He made a long circuit around the north side, but got tackled by a big Harvard man when he had made about thirty yards, and the two rolled over each other until Graves landed on his stomach with the ball under his chin. Then followed more scrimmages and attempted rushes, but neither side gained an advantage until the ball was passed back to Bull, who gave it a long punt well up toward the Harvard goal. Sears caught it and made quick preparations to return the compliment by a long punt when he was tackled and thrown to the bottom of a pyramid of struggling athletes.

Then Porter, the half back of Harvard, showed himself off to the exhilaration of the wearers of the crimson. He made a short but determined run past some of Yale's big rushers, and the usual whirl and flop to the ground of all hands did not take place till he had gained a good distance. In the next tackle W. P. Graves came to the bottom with the ball, and he got up hurt.

Porter, of Harvard, got in more good work, and seemed to be playing everywhere. He made several good runs with the ball and gained a decided advantage for his side, but all this time the ball had not been near either goal. Beecher got hold of the ball in one

of its zigzags and made a neat little run through the Harvard rush line, but Boyden, of Harvard, got a low tackle on him and the two landed in a snarl near the north line of the field. It was Yale's ball. It was snapped back to Beecher again, but the Harvard rush were upon him, and after a tough little bunting match the ball came to the ground with a Yale man on top. Then there was a desperate scrimmage. Yale had forced the ball up to within twenty-five yards of Harvard's goal, and directly in front of it, and Harvard bent her energies to redeem herself. After two or three hard struggles, big centre rush Corbin, of Yale, got his arm around the ball and bending forward he made a fierce push through the lines. He slid between Harvard men and under them and over them, pushing them back and tipping them over, and when he was forced to the ground it was close to Harvard's goal.

The crowd became delirious and yelled or waited



"TOUCH DOWN."

breathless as the men ranged themselves for a scrimmage. Every rusher blocked his opponent for all he was worth, and there were times when they used their arms on each other freely. Yale saw her opportunity and proceeded deliberately to get a goal. Corbin snapped the ball quickly back to little Beecher, who passed it deftly back to Bull, who was near the 25-yard line, and who, before any one could tackle him, kicked it exactly over the centre of Harvard's goal and counted 15.

The Yale men in the crowd simply exploded, the mass of people became blue with flags and streamers, and a dozen little blue air balloons were cut loose and went soaring up into the gray sky. Harvard men looked sick.

This was about the middle of the first three-quarters of an hour. The ball was brought out and the trouble began again. Yale had gained confidence and played a lively, but at times a careless game. Harvard had learned a lesson and began to fight in dead earnest. But Yale had the best of it. Wertemburg made a good run, and it was followed by one of the best runs of the game by Beecher, who carried the ball up near Harvard's goal again. When Wertemburg made another hard-fought run through the Harvard rush lines, they tackled him mercilessly, but he carried the ball within ten feet of goal line, but about forty feet to the north of the goal. Wertemburg lost the ball however, in the fall, and it was Harvard's.

In the next scrimmage, which was a hopelessly mixed up affair, in which everybody seemed to have lost track of the ball, Corbin broke through the amalgamated rushers and started over the line. A Harvard man tackled him. They rolled over and Corbin sprang up, leaving the Harvard man on the ground. Then two or three Harvard men grabbed him and, with a struggle which made his big, sharp face purple, he carried the ball over the line and secured a touch down.

"Rah! rah! Papa Corbin! Rah! rah! Yale!" a wild yell, more blue streamers and blue balloons.

Yale determined to bring the ball out to the 25-yard line for a kick for goal. The touch down was all of fifty feet north of the goal, and so when the ball was brought out the angle at which the ball had to be kicked was steep. Beecher laid himself flat on the ground with the ball, and Bull, who was to kick, stood back and measured the situation calmly. Beecher tipped the ball slightly, as Bull suggested at times, and the lines of rushers stood poised for a spring the moment the ball should be kicked.

At this impressive point of the game the vast throng of people were silent. Every eye was on Bull. Once or twice there was a low murmur from the crowd, which was evidently impatient to break out.

At 2:35 Bull trotted prettily up and stuck his toes sharply into the oblong ball, and it shot as if out of a cannon true over the goal. That counted 6, and made the score 11 to 0 in favor of Yale. There was some noise.

Ten minutes were left of the first 45. The Harvard men began to play more aggressively. Sears gave the ball a long punt and Bull caught it—but slipped and failed to get ahead. Then by a series of hard-fought scrimmages Harvard forced the ball near Yale's goal. Harry Sears got it again and tore his way through the Yale rushers like a bare-back rider through paper drums. He finally got tangled with Woodruff, and both flopped stomach down on the ground, struggling for possession of the ball. A dozen men of both sides



RUNNING WITH THE BALL.

dropped on them like so many pile drivers, and in the struggle Yale got the ball. It was passed to Bull, who kicked it out and saved it. Sears got after it again, and this time rushed over the line. But time was up just before he got over and so Harvard failed to get a point in the first inning.

At the beginning of the second forty-five minutes the Harvard men came out, looking determined, and took

the west end of the field. Harding, the little quarter back of Harvard, who had been playing a good game all through, began to let himself loose. Men were capitalized right and left with as little as possible regard for their personal convenience. The contest became a series of hot and desperate scrimmages, in which neither side gained much. The rushers were evidently getting warmed up, and had all they could do to keep from tackling each other, game or no game. It was in one of these hot scrimmages in about the middle of the field that Pratt, of Yale, in his eagerness to keep his opposite, Cummock, of Harvard, from getting off-side, struck Cummock rather sharply on the shoulder with his fist. Cummock, instead of saying something mollifying, returned the blow on Pratt's shoulder, but quite near the region of his chin. Cummock was quickly disqualified by the referee, and he went and sat down among the substitutes, trembling with rage. He was almost in tears, such was his suppressed anger.

"My God, I'd like to get hold of that man!" he said between his teeth as he sat down.

Appleton took his place. This little incident seemed to have a good effect on the rest of the players, and the game went on with less latitude for fists, but just as earnestly. When the ball next got out of the tortures of the hot scrimmages Boyden of Harvard got it and made a neat little run toward Yale's goal, but two Yale men rushed into him, one from either side, and the three came together with a "thud," and stood there until the ball was pressed to the ground in Boyden's hands, and a half dozen Yale men came and jumped on him. Harvard was pushing Yale back to her goal slowly. It was one scrimmage after another, and all similar. The ball was passed back to a half back, who would get it and get jumped on. Yale fought hard and Beecher and Wertemburg made some short but brilliant dashes. Twice Yale passed the ball back to Bull, who punted it over, but Harvard worked it back. Harding, Bryden and Porter pretty much played the game for Harvard at times, but the Harvard rush line also did good work in blocking the way of the big Yale fellows. Yale passed the ball back to Bull a third time for a punt, but Bull got caught by one of the Harvard rush and lost the ball. Wertemburg got it and touched it down behind the line for safety. That gave Harvard two points.

In the next scrimmage Kid Wallace got his leg twisted among three Harvard men so badly that he had to fall out, and Robinson took his place. Yale had the ball. It was passed back to Bull, who gave it a long and high punt over everybody's head and right into Sears' hands. He got a free kick, that is, he caught the ball and had time to stick his heel in the ground before the bounding line of rushers swooped down upon him. There was no use of anybody jumping on him, but they all did, and when the heap got off and let Sears up it was evident that something was the matter with him.

"Oh, Sears is done up," said some one in the crowd, and it looked so when Saxe was called to take his place, but Sears, to the momentary surprise of everybody, began jogging modestly toward the dressing rooms. Then it was discovered by 17,900 people that poor Sears had sustained a severe fracture of his trousers. So Saxe made the free kick, but it was a poor one, the ball twisting off to the south and falling outside the lines not more than ten feet nearer Yale's goal than where he stood. In the scrimmage which followed the



A TUSSELE.

ball was passed to Saxe, who made a long and successful punt, and the Harvard rush line held the ball within thirty yards of Yale's goal. When Yale got the ball, Beecher passed it back to Bull, who made a low kick. The ball struck a Harvard man and bounded back, and Harding, of Harvard, got hold of it. He passed it to Boyden, who pushed his way through almost to Yale's goal line. It was a fine succession of plays by Harvard, and the crimson crowd yelled. After some scrimmaging Porter got the ball firmly, and he had a chance to get himself under good headway before striking the Yale rush line. He struck them as a buzz saw would strike an oak log. It was hard work, but he pushed through to within two feet of the goal line. Yale fought hard to keep him from touching the ball down, but Porter gave a sudden twist and came down on his back, hugging the ball to his heart. His head was outside of the goal line, but by a happy thought he swung the ball over his head with both hands and touched it down. Harvard was jubilant. The ball was brought out, and Saxe kicked a goal. That gave Harvard 8 points to Yale's 11.

Only about twenty-five minutes remained. The Yale men began to work like braves. They saw that the game might not be theirs. Porter, Boyden and Harding did some good work for Harvard, too. But Yale worked the ball up close to Harvard's goal and there was a lively fight then for several minutes. Saxe got in a punt and sent it back a few feet. Yale got the ball. It was snapped back to Beecher, who in turn tossed it to Wertemburg who was ready for a dash about a rod away. He made a splendid run crosswise around all the Harvard rushers and carried the ball plump into the crowd, which had pushed up to the goal line. He touched it down near the north corner.

The excitement was intense. The tally-hos rocked with the enthusiasm of the crowds on them. Men rushed down from the stands, bounded over the picket fence or broke through it, until the field was filled. It was generally thought that the time was up, and there was a doubt as to whether the last touch down had counted. But about five minutes remained. Yale, however, began dilatory tactics. She evidently determined to use up that five minutes in kicking the goal, and leave Harvard no chance for further effort. The ball was slowly brought out, tipped, poised and dusted, while all hands waited for Bull to kick. When he did kick it was another goal for Yale, and it made the score 17 to 8. Then time was up, and the crowd began the act of noisily going out of the two exits.

The game was generally speaking, strongly played and scientific, and as little rough as football can well be. Yale showed her superiority in rushing and

tackling, and Harvard her strength in interferences, and in the work of the half and quarter backs. The referee was T. A. Baker, the umpire J. Hancock, both graduates of Princeton. Gov. Hill was an interested spectator of the game. He had come down from Albany on purpose, he said.

A young gentleman, deeply engaged in looking tough, entered the Thirtieth street police station at 8 o'clock last night with an uneven gait. He was tall and given to leanness. His face was round and smooth like a girl's. He wore a long plaid ulster with a big cape, sharply pointed patent leather shoes, and a high silk hat. Sergeant Sheldon looked at him in wonder, which was not lessened when the young gentleman lifted his toes from the floor, and, leaning well back on



LAI D OUT.

his heels, shouted:

"Y-a-l-e! Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The big doorman came rushing out of the back room. He was shocked. He shook his finger in the young man's face and said sternly:

"Come, now; that'll do you."

A blue ribbon on the breast of the young gentleman's ulster fluttered to and fro as its wearer said:

"Scuse me, Sergeant, but see, 'twas like this."

He paused while he stuck the point of one shoe in a crevice of the iron railing in front of the desk and hung the remainder of his manly form over the top of the rail.

"I come ter ask special favor, see? Lemme rest 'till sober up. Save you good deal trouble, an' better for citizens."

He was led into the back room by the doorman and pushed into the corner of a wooden bench. At intervals of about a minute he would raise his voice and yell:

"Y-a-l-e! Yale! 'Rah! rah! rah! rah!"

This disturbed the sleeping policemen, and they offered to take all the rest of the yell and enthusiasm and gin fizz right out of him.

"Gimme cigar an' I'll keep quiet," said the young gentleman.

He got his cigar in a hurry, and he puffed away at it meditatively for five minutes. Then he said he guessed he'd go. This privilege was peremptorily denied him, and he was informed that he was a prisoner. It frightened him, and he began to mourn aloud. They relented and let him go in about an hour.

## NINA AND HER DEAD LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, Nov. 20, says: The only visitor to-day to the desolate Waldheim Cemetery, where the bodies of the Anarchists rest, were Nina Van Zandt and her mother. They braved the weather in a coach and drove the six miles over the bleak prairie in the teeth of a howling blizzard. It was such a fearful day that at the cemetery they could hardly find a grave-maker. They got the door of the vault in which the bodies lie open, and Nina went in and spent some time near the coffin of Spies.

Her visit was the result of a strange hallucination that her "husband" was alive. She dreamed last night that she saw him alive in the vault. In the morning she rose from bed, for the first time since the funeral, and insisted upon her mother going with her to the cemetery. They suffered greatly from the cold, but Nina was determined.

In the vault she got the coffin open and gazed upon her dead husband's face. She was overcome by her feelings, and when she got home she had to be carried back to bed. It looks as though Nina were carrying out the promise she made Spies before the execution, that if he died she would die too. She has eaten nothing since the day before her "husband" was hanged. The only nourishment of which she has partaken in all that time, besides a little fruit, is an occasional drink of milk.

Nina persists in declaring that she cannot eat and that she does not need food, but it is a question with her parents if the girl has not determined to abstain from food until she dies. Her father and mother are greatly concerned about her health, and fear the worst. She looks thin and worn. Those who knew her a year



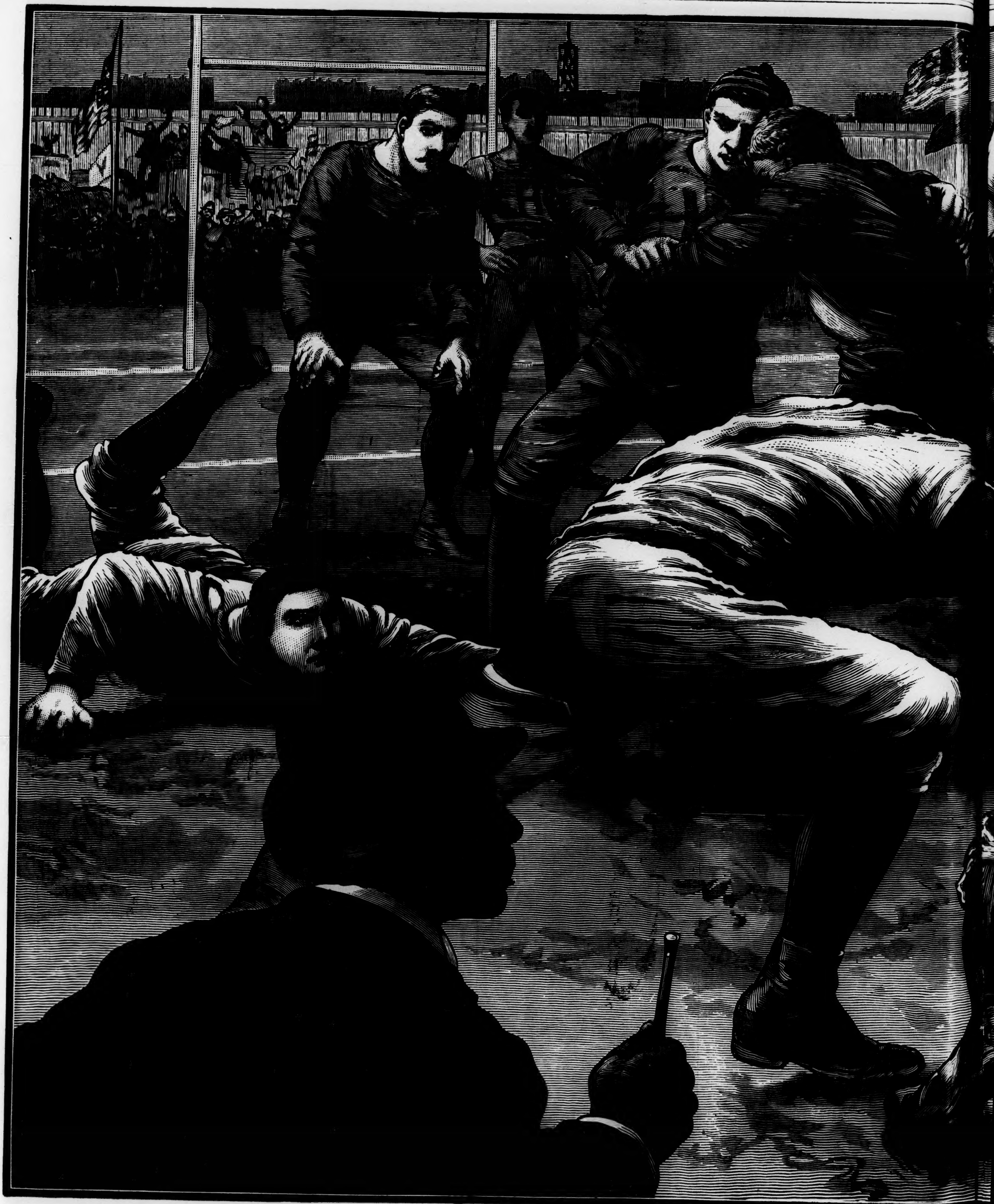
LOST BALL!

and a half ago declare that they would not recognize her. She used to be plump and rosy. Now she is emaciated and her face is bloodless and her features tightly drawn.

## CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



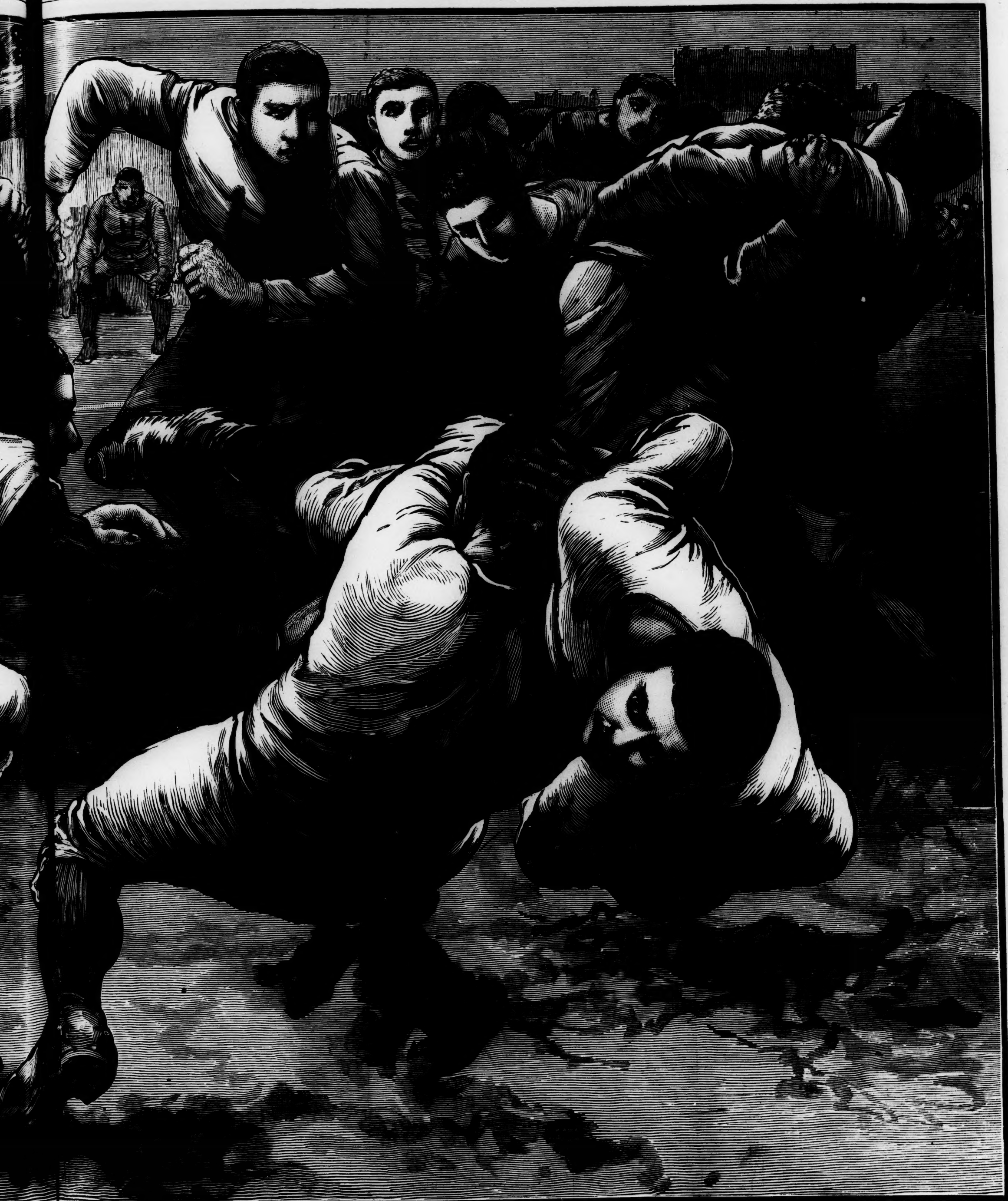


## THE GREAT INTERCOLLEGE

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE HISTORIC SCENE ON THE POLO GROUNDS THANKSGIVING DAY

[Drawn for the "Police Gazette"]





## LEGIA TE FOOTBALL MATCH.

NG DAY WHEN THE KICKERS OF YALE WON THEIR VICTORY OVER THE RUSHERS OF HARVARD.

Police Gazette By Our Special Artist.]



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Frank Herald is anxious for a match with Pete Nolan, of Cincinnati.

Tom Costello has written Dominick McCaffrey offering to match Reddy Gallagher with him.

Young Weldon, the feather-weight boxer, is out with a challenge to fight any one at 118 pounds.

A Brooklyn friend of Johnny Reagan's has put up \$100 twice, at even, on Reagan winning in his fight with Dempsey.

Gus Tuthill is going to England to see the Kilrain-Smith fight. He thinks Kilrain a sure winner, and he will back his opinion with \$5,000.

James McMahon challenges Fred Foreman to fight to a finish for \$50 a side. Man and money to be found any evening at 81 Sheriff street.

Jack Burke gave an exhibition in the Hawaiian Opera House, London, Oct. 28, to a big audience. Burke and Jim Welsh, the resident champion, boxed the wind-up.

Joe George, the amateur feather-weight of Harlem, is anxious to enter the professional ranks, and would like to meet Al Fleischman in a fight to a finish with small gloves for \$250 a side.

J. B. Myers, of Wilmington, Del., offers to back two fighters against all Delaware in their classes for the State championship and \$500 a side. One is a light-weight and the other a middle-weight.

John H. Clark, the veteran light-weight pugilist, is in Minneapolis. He offers to wager that no 140-pound man in the Northwest can knock him out in six rounds with both hands. Clark to use only his left.

Billy Dacey wants to meet McAuliffe or Carney in a fight to a finish for \$1,000 a side. Dacey has put up a forfeit, and says that as soon as their match is declared off, as he thinks it will be, he will issue a formal challenge to both men.

James Dillon, a noted pugilist of Kingston, and an unknown, said to be a Welshman residing at Danville, fought 11 rounds at Malby, Pa., on Nov. 21, for a purse of \$200. The fight was awarded to Dillon, who severely punished his opponent.

Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, Ohio, the 155-pound pugilist, and Con Riley, of Franklin, whose weight is 170 pounds, have signed articles for a six round glove fight, stakes and gate receipts, to come off at Dayton, Ohio, on December 16.

George La Blanche, the famous Marine of Boston, has taken up his residence permanently in this city. La Blanche laughs at Fallon's offer to fight him. He has not signed articles for a fight with Jack Dempsey, as has been reported, but he says they will most likely come together at Boston during the winter for a good-sized purse.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, had a benefit at the Hub Athletic Club Rooms, Boston, Nov. 22. The benefit was a success and netted the Spider a tidy sum. The sparring was in different, especially so was the wind-up between Weir and Dick Guthrie, of Montreal. Tommy Danforth offered to go on to Boston for the wind up, but Weir wouldn't have him.

Pat Killen and Frank Cook, of St. Louis, Mo., fought six rounds at the Duluth, Minn., Opera House, Nov. 25. The conditions were that Killen was to knock out Cook in 6 rounds or forfeit \$250 and the receipts. Killen, as usual, sprung a fake, and Cook went out in the second round. He carried out his part well, and Pat had his heavy man carry Cook off the stage.

There is every probability of a match being now arranged between Tommy Danforth and Tommy Warren, after the latter's go with Ike O'Neill Weir, the Belfast Spider. Danforth this time means business, so he says. He wants a fight to a finish with skin gloves, or not at all. Tommy is too clever an fighter and too hard a hitter to be disposed of easily by the Western wonder. Danforth is a rasher from away back.

Benny McGill says: "Billy Davis is just my pie; if he thinks he can fight a little bit, just let him put up a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and see how quick I'll cover it. I've got backers who will put up \$500 on me, and Davis or any one else can have a match with me for that much money a side. I want a match with Davis above all others, and if he can't get backing I will fight him for a purse, the fight to be with kid gloves to a finish."

Richard K. Fox yesterday received a letter from Charley Mitchell. Charley says: "Kilrain has gone into strict training for the great fight. I've got a very quiet place to stop at in the most exclusive watering place in England. Jake is very well at present, and can be got fit to fight for his life in three weeks' time. He has made lots of friends, and is thought well of even by Smith's people." Of Sullivan he says: "The opinion of sporting people over here is that his day has past."—N. Y. Sun, Nov. 20.

Young Scott and a party well known among the sporting fraternity as the "Butcher Boy," fought Nov. 25, near Boston, for a purse of \$50 and to a finish, with light gloves. Seven rounds were fought, and, although at the end of the fifth the "Butcher Boy" had his opponent nearly knocked out, the latter pluckily stood up for two more rounds and took his thumping, and in the seventh round Scott's friends claimed a foul, alleging that he had been kicked by his opponent. After considerable wrangling the referee declared the fight a draw and ordered the stakes divided.

Young Jack Dempsey, the Western light-weight, and one Davenport, a German, of Cincinnati, fought near Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 18. The fight was under London prize ring rules with skin gloves. One round of about ten minutes finished Davenport. He clinched, but Dempsey got in on his short ribs with both hands, knocking the wind out of him. As Davenport broke away Dempsey got in a right-hander full on his jaw, knocking him senseless to the grass, where he lay, and the fight was given to Dempsey. Dempsey is now in training for a fight for \$500 with Murphy, of Grand Rapids.

Isaac O'Neill Weir, of Boston, "The Belfast Spider," was in court November 22, charged with committing a cruel assault on Mrs. Hugh Kellher. Weir is supposed to be a pugilist of extraordinary merit. Mrs. "Spider" Weir and Mrs. Kellher got mixed up in regard to the cleverness of their respective husbands, and, following their examples, were going to have a row without bothering themselves about the twenty-four-hour ring. The "Spider" himself was the referee, but he wasn't a fair one. He took part in the battle and proceeded to slug Mrs. Kellher. In court he was discharged, but Mrs. Weir was fined \$5 and costs.

Parker and Cassidy, two young bantam-weight pugilists, fought Nov. 24 for the bantam-weight championship of Boston Highlands and a \$200 purse. The conditions of the fight were that they should fight to a finish with three ounce gloves. The battle lasted 3 rounds only, but in that time the blows rained down on the heads of the men thick and fast. Cassidy had the best of the first round, but both received severe punishment. Parker was the fresher of the two in the second round, and landed three or four left-handers on his opponent's face and bread basket. In the latter part of the round Cassidy woke up and made it lively for Parker, drawing blood from his nose and cutting his right ear. Parker went in to win in the third round, and the time had not half expired when he had his man knocked out with a right cross counter on the jaw.

Harry Langdon and Bill Gabig fought a four-round fight with gloves for a purse of \$50, at Warren Lewis Casino, Hoboken, Nov. 24. It was an out and out battle from the start to the finish. Langdon showing himself to be much the better man of the two. In the first round Langdon forced the fighting and succeeded in doubling Gabig up by several powerful blows in the pit of the stomach. Both men came to the scratch winded in the second round, Gabig acting entirely on

the defensive. The round ended by both getting in heavy right-handers on the other's face, each drawing blood. Both sparred for wind in the third round, and in the fourth round both came up fresh. Langdon continued forcing the fighting and finally drove Gabig into his corner, where he made an attempt to jump over the ropes. The referee, James Carroll, then called time and declared the fight a draw, as Langdon did not succeed in knocking Gabig out in four rounds according to agreement.

Jack Gilmore and Ed. Dennison, miners, fought a desperate prize fight at Luzerne borough, Pa., a mining village, Nov. 2. The fight lasted 1 hour 40 minutes, and 44 rounds were passed. When the fort, fifth round was called, Constable McHenry broke into the ring and declared the men under arrest. Both men were terribly punished. While the fight was in progress, owned by Dennison, which viewed the battle from between the legs of the bystanders, broke through the ropes, and, on seeing his master knocked to the ground, bit Gilmore in the face. The dog refused to let go, and his jaws had to be pried open by an iron bar. It is said the men quarreled over a girl, the daughter of a mining boss. It was thought that Gilmore would knock his antagonist out without any difficulty, as he has the reputation of being the champion of Luzerne county. Gilmore has stood up before Pete McCoy for three rounds. Dennison had no experience as a fighter, but is a powerful built man. Dennison was carried off to a coal breaker, where he was left without care and attention, and a physician, called to attend him afterward, says he may die.

In a letter to John McGraw, teacher of athletics in Baltimore, Jake Kilrain says:

FRIEND JOHN—I suppose you think it is about time that I should think of my old pal. You know well enough that I have not forgotten you, but as I am in a strange land and constantly jumping from one place to another, I have been kept very busy, otherwise you would have heard from me before.

I am doing and feeling well. I saw Jim Smith, and think I shall win. Also saw your friend Dr. Harris in London. I have been to Dublin and to the Corragh of Kildare races. I saw the place where Donnelly and Cooper fought, and met many a fine fellow in Dublin. One gentleman gave me a diamond ring, another a fine stick and another a fine cigar case. There is a good field to make money over here, if Sullivan behaves himself and don't spoil it by getting drunk and killing some one. I have not much news to tell, as everything I have seen has been seen in such a hurry that it would take some time to collect my thoughts to describe it to you. I will write to you often now, as by the time you receive this I will be through "showing." I will tell you more about my trip in my next, and will send you some papers.

Hoping you and all the boys are well, I close, sending you all my best regards. I am your friend, JOHN KILRAIN.

Pony Moore, the millionaire minstrel of England, writes to a friend in this city: "The international prize fight between the American pugilist, Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and the heavy-weight champion, Jim Smith, of London, will take place in Spain or England on Jan. 3 next, sure; in one of the large forests in England, if it is decided to have it come off there, and if they do have to go to Spain it will be on a gentleman's private estate. Over here the excitement is very great, especially among the aristocracy, and a large amount of money is being wagered daily on the result at the various clubs in Birmingham, London and Liverpool, where both men are equally well thought of. If private arrangements can be made the match may come off before Christmas, as both men are in fine condition and are anxious to win."

"I think that Kilrain will win. He is in superb condition, and with his 3½ inches leeway in height and superior science over Smith I consider him to be the better man of the two. The talk that Kilrain will not receive fair treatment because of my son-in-law, Charley Mitchell's connection with the fight is all bosh. Mitchell has everything to gain and nothing to lose by Kilrain winning; while if Smith should do the American, Mitchell's reputation and pocket would both suffer. If Kilrain wins, Richard K. Fox and myself will back him to fight Sullivan for any amount."

NOTE.—The *Clipper* holds Richard K. Fox's check for \$500, to match Kilrain against Smith for from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a side, win or lose his fight with Smith.

Jack Kearns, of the Ninth ward, this city, and Jimmie Howard, of Flatbush, fought at Crow Hill, L. I., early on the morning of the 29th ult., for the ownership of a purse and stakes of \$100. At 1:30 o'clock referee and timekeeper Jim Curran stepped into the centre of the ring, followed by both the contestants. Kearns appeared in the best condition and weighed 112 pounds. He is twenty-three years old and stood an inch taller than his opponent, who is five years his senior, and 5 feet 5 inches in height, but weighed 3 pounds heavier. Kearns was seconded by Eddie Burns, and Jack O'Keefe filled the same office for "The Mouse." The fight that followed was a short and decisive one, the Ninth ward boy showing his superior science. At the call of time the men advanced slowly and shook hands, each critically sizing up his opponent. Cautious sparring was then indulged in, the honors being evenly divided until near the close of the round, when Kearns landed a swinging left hander on "The Mouse's" right eye, which assumed a purple hue before the call of time. The second round proved to be a lively one. "The Mouse" opened on the offensive with an evident desire to force the fighting. Some heavy blows were exchanged, Kearns showing some cleverness. The men had got warmed up and hard slugging followed right and left, when Howard retaliated for his now sightless eye, by planting a staggering clip on Kearns' nose, bringing the claret in a stream. The spectators were now all excited, and the vociferous shouts of the Flatbush delegation and their offers of odds of two to one on their man called down the wrath of the landlord, who threatened to stop the mill unless quiet was restored. With the call of the next round both men went up flushed and angry. The round opened very lively and the blows rattled like falling hail. Howard made a plucky fight, and it looked at one time as though he would succeed in carrying off the honors, when Kearns broke his guard and with one of his swinging left-handers caught "The Mouse" under the right ear. As though stricken by paralysis Howard's hands dropped, he reeled and then fell heavily. He failed to answer the call to time, and Kearns was declared the winner.

A fight to a finish for a purse of \$500, with skin tight gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, came off at Rahway, N. J., Nov. 21, which was savagely contested through ten rounds by George McArthur, champion middle-weight of Montreal, and Jim Donnelly, better known as the "cowboy boxer" of Kansas City. The fight had been arranged to take place at Trenton, but as the party, which numbered about thirty prominent sporting men of New York, Philadelphia and Trenton, was closely watched by the authorities, it was deemed best to leave for another locality. The Canadian was seconded by Ed. Graham, of New York, and the "Cowboy" by Charles O'Brien, of Kansas City. The referee was a well-known Philadelphiaan, who did not want his name used. In the 1st round both men sparred cautiously for an opening, when McArthur reached Donnelly's jaw and the latter fell. In the 2nd round Donnelly led with his right with little effect, and McArthur retaliated on Donnelly's left ear. As he did so he slipped, catching a slinger on the left eye. McArthur was very angry in the 3rd round and made a rush for Donnelly, getting in several body blows and managing to get off with little punishment. In the 4th round McArthur began work before time was called and got in a swinging right hander on Donnelly's left optic, that nearly closed it. Donnelly caught McArthur on the nose in the 5th round, drawing first blood. In the 6th round McArthur rushed at Donnelly and sent him down with a rap on the chin. Donnelly quickly regained his feet and led for McArthur's face. The latter countered on Donnelly's face, knocking him down again. McArthur hit Donnelly in the face in the 7th round, cutting it only from the chin nearly to the ear. Donnelly rushed at McArthur in a lively manner in the 8th round, but McArthur met him and delivered telling blows which perceptibly weakened Donnelly. Donnelly struck McArthur in the jaw, cutting a fearful gash. McArthur brought the round to a close by knocking Donnelly down. In the 9th round Donnelly reached McArthur's face, which, making the latter very angry, he rushed at Donnelly and struck him on the side of the head with his left fore-arm, knocking him senseless. Donnelly's second claimed a foul, and it was allowed, and the purse handed to Donnelly when he came to. McArthur was so incensed at the referee that he tried to strike him, but was prevented by friends and taken away. McArthur lost the fight by "losing his head."

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

The recently organized West Chester Athletic Association has disbanded, having been unable to satisfactorily arrange for suitable grounds.

Wallace Ross, the oarsman, has just received from Philadelphia a new water tricycle, which he will use in the many races which are proposed for the winter.

E. C. Carter, of the New York Athletic Club, the champion amateur long-distance runner of America, has been cleared of the charges of professionalism preferred against him.

As a part of the baseball deal by which the Athletic club secures the services of Gleason and Welch, of the champion St. Louis team, the latter club is to have Milligan, McGarr and Mann, of last season's Athletic team.

The annual meeting of the American Baseball Association will be held at Cincinnati on Thursday, December 8, instead of December 6. The change was made to accommodate President Phelps, of the Louisville club.

Wm. Cannon, the one-armed expert of Newark, shot a match with George Davis, of Greenville, for \$250 a side at 50 live birds, on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Dunellen yesterday. It was won by Cannon, who shot 33 birds to Davis' 27.

A pool tournament for the championship of Brooklyn will take place in Maurice Daly's rooms in Washington street, Brooklyn, in a couple of weeks. The contestants will be W. C. Heathe, P. Pearce, F. C. De Castro, J. E. Engle, J. Fox and W. Zansell.

The Nassau Boat Club has elected these officers: President, E. D. Appleton; Vice-President, Chas. Badgley; Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Colfax; Captain, John H. Abel, Jr.; Lieutenant, E. P. Johnson; Trustees, W. S. Wilson, A. P. Gould, Wm. Brookfield, Arthur Duane, A. B. Wilson.

Jack Smith, of Harlem, the heavy-weight pugilist, says he is anxious to meet George LaBlanche (the Marine) or Jack Fallon, in a four-round contest at Lewis' Hoboken Casino, New Jersey. Smith is of the opinion that the Marine can't best him in four rounds, and that he (Smith) can best Fallon.

The Knickerbocker Hotel at Mott Haven is having two new extra bowling alleys built. They are now nearly completed, and will be open to the public about Dec. 1. The building clubs of the upper district, including the Metropolitan, Bachelor, Mohawk and Tremont, will contest matches there during the winter.

Sailor Brown, the 140-pound Dublin wrestler, and Jimmy Oakley of 135th street, wrestled two best in three falls at Oliver's boat house, in 123d street, Nov. 22. Brown won the first fall in seven minutes; Oakley the second in fifteen minutes, and Brown the third and the match in twenty-seven minutes. Prof. Kemble was referee.

A man at Hartford, Conn., has invented a new apparatus for timing horses. It is a clock with three hands, minute, second and quarter second, and is started by the off-lid timer. When the winning horse comes under the wire the clock is stopped by electricity. At the same instant the current opens a camera, which photographs the horse and clock face.

The race for the Midland Counties Handicap Plate, run Nov. 22, the second day of the Warwick and Leamington (Eng.) meeting, was won by Mr. Manton's four-year-old chestnut colt Stour and Avon by six lengths, Townley Parker's four-year-old brown colt Going Away second, and Mr. Gilbert's five-year-old chestnut mare Trilix a bad third. There were eleven starters.

At a meeting of delegates to the American Football Union, held Nov. 21, the resignation of the Crickets, of Stevens Institute, was accepted, but that of the Unions, of Columbia College, was laid on the table. The protested game between the New York and Crescent Athletic clubs was passed on, but it will not affect the championship, as the Crescents have already won it, not having lost a point in the series.

The cost of the island the New York Athletic Club has just decided to purchase is \$60,000, and \$75,000 additional will be spent in fitting it up. The space, about one hundred yards in width, between the island and the main land, now occupied by water not deep enough to row on, will be filled in and the club house, which will be commenced with the opening of spring, will have dining and sleeping accommodations for 300.

John Teemer, the champion oarsman, says he will go to Australia to row Beach if Hanlan is beaten there, or if Hanlan wins he will row Hanlan on any water. He is determined to win the world's championship before he retires. Teemer has picked up flesh since his race with Gaudaur, and now weighs 185 pounds. He says his health was never better, and he is confident that next season he will row faster than ever.

Tom Flanagan of Jersey City ran the show at Pavalon Rink in that city on Monday night, at which Tommy Barnes and Larkins were to have fought ten rounds. When it came their turn to go on the stage, Flanagan showed them \$15, and asked them, it is said, to fight for half of that each, although, according to his own statement, 500 had paid admission to see their fight. He gave them \$5 each to defray their training expenses.

President Stern, of the Cincinnati Club, says: "The club will never pass out of the hands of the present owners. That you can put down as a certainty. Mr. Hauck will continue to hold the stock. Of course we might sell, but the man who bought would have to have a pretty big pile." Within the next fortnight the Cincinnati Club will be benefited by a deal beside which the \$10,000 Mike Kelly transfer pales into puny insignificance.

The Freshman class of Columbia College have elected officers for the year as follows: President, Victor Mapes; Vice-President, V. H. Coyerdall; Secretary, W. E. Young; Treasurer, D. W. Taylor, and Historian, J. C. Josephson. E. Klapp, captain of the University crew, addressed the class on boating matters, and urged the necessity of raising \$1,300 to support a freshman crew. V. W. Lee and R. S. Palmer were appointed as a Boat Crew Committee.

Two well-matched Boston dogs, Jerry and Jack, fought for a purse of \$50 in that city Nov. 21. Each dog weighed thirty pounds, and was in fine condition. There were three scratches. Jerry was on top, and by all odds making the best fight during the first two rounds. He chewed Jack's throat and ear very savagely. He failed, however, to come to time for the third scratch, and the fight was given to Jack at the end of one hour and twenty minutes.

There is every probability that both Irish and Scotch cricket elevens will visit the United States and Canada early next season. The former will be composed of Irish gentlemen players under J. W. Hynes, captain of Trinity University Club, Dublin. The latter will be made up of former and present Merchistonians of Edinburgh. George Jones and Henry of the Canadian eleven that visited Scotland last season were both at Merchiston Castle, and will play on the visiting team.

At the second monthly meeting of Scottish-American Athletic Club, to be held in its club house on Grove street, Jersey City, early next month, there will be another boxing competition for medals, for amateurs. The special heavy-weight bout between J. McCormick and J. J. Van Houten ought to be a good one. It is to be an eight-round contest this time. McCormick got the decision in a former contest between these men. The Scottish-Americans are trying very hard to get together money to build a new Athletic track in Jersey City.

Great preparations are being made for the twelfth annual games of the Seventh regiment, which will take place on Saturday, Dec. 3. The list of events to be decided are: 93 yards run; 220 yards run; 220 yards hurdle (10 hurdles, 2 feet 6 inches high); 440 yards run; half-mile roller skate; half-mile walk (for

those who have never won a prize in a walking race); half-mile run (for those who have never won a prize in a running race); 1,000 yards run; 1-mile run; 1-mile walk; 1-mile bicycle; 3-mile bicycle; wheelbarrow race (2 laps); putting 16-pound shot; sack race (50 yards); three-legged race (1 lap); exhibition bicycle drill; obstacle race, teams of three men from same company; intercompany tug-of-war, 5 minutes time limit, team of four men, 67½ pounds limit.

Dave Isaacs and William Jacobs fought at Boston, Nov. 23, to a finish for \$200 a side. Isaacs weighed 170 pounds, and Jacobs tipped the beam at 190. Jacobs had the best of the first round, drawing blood from his opponent's nose and opening a gash on his left cheek. In the second round Isaacs knocked Jacobs down twice in quick succession, in addition to giving him a bad eye and a swollen nose. They fought desperately in the third round. Jacobs started out with a sledge-hammer blow, which landed on Isaacs' nose. The blow was promptly returned, and Jacobs went down. He came to time, however, but had no sooner reached his feet than he received another on the jaw, which ended the fight and settled the dispute. When Jacobs came to time they shook hands and left the cellar arm in arm.

The committee who have in hands the arrangements of the proposed sixth American Chess Congress, which it is intended to hold in this city during the coming year, hold semi-weekly meetings at the rooms of the New York Chess Club, 1 Second avenue. Of the \$5,000 which is required to reach the minimum fixed by the committee, they report over \$3,500 has been raised. The officers of the committee are W. W. Ellsworth, President, and C. Schubert, Secretary. Altogether there are twenty-five members, all of whom are prominent in chess circles, among them being Dr. Wm. Steinitz, the chess champion of the world; Dr. Louis Cohen, Mr. Eugene B. Cook, Dr. Otto F. Jurtz, Lieutenant G. N. Whistler, U. S. A., Dr. A. B. Arnold, of Baltimore, Md., and Mr. S. Lipschutz. The congress will be modelled after the celebrated international contests which have been held in recent years in several of the great European cities. As soon as the total amount required is subscribed the committee will take decisive action.

Eugene Hornbacher and Jim Burke settled their long-pending fight at Staten Island, Nov. 23. They were brought together twice previously for this fight, but each time the police got the tip and put the sports to flight. The battle was brought off without any interruption this try. Hornbacher is of German descent, standing 5 feet high, and he weighed 112 pounds, and his age was given as 20 years. Burke is four inches taller than his adversary and weighed 8 pounds more; he also had the advantage in age, as well as height and length of reach. The referee and timekeeper are well-known sporting writers. When time was called for the first round there was no attempt at sparring, but Burke went straight at his adversary, hitting him in the eye with his left and putting in a severe rap with his right on the side of the jaw. These two severe punches did not discourage Hornbacher in the least, as he steadied himself, and when Burke made his next rush he met him with a great straight counter on the nose which knocked Burke's head back, but not before he had reached Hornbacher's chin and ribs. The pair then rushed to a clinch, during which their heads came in contact with the wall several times. They kept punching away at short range until separated by the referee. They sparred for a few minutes and then came together again with a report like the crack of a whip. Burke made play for the face and side of the head, making Hornbacher stagger from the force of his swinging hit. Again did the little Dutchman catch his antagonist on the nose, almost breaking that member. The blow made the blood fly in all directions. Following up his advantage Hornbacher swung his right hand on to Burke's jaw, and the latter fell all in a heap, dazed. He got up in a few seconds and rushed to his feet, but his antagonist punished him unmercifully, putting in several heavy uppercuts on the face and chest. At the end of the round Hornbacher had the best of the bout and had gained two points—first blood and first knock-down blow. The second round was short and sharp. Burke tried to take the lead, but Hornbacher landed a pile driver on his adversary's nose, which almost knocked him off his feet. This made Burke savage, and he rushed in, fighting with both hands. His left landed on Hornbacher's right cheek bone, cutting it open, and his right caught the Teuton on the jaw, almost knocking him down. The little fellow rallied and fought with both hands, punching Burke in the stomach, nose and jaw. The body blows seemed to do the most damage, and one very hard one in the chest convinced Burke that his forte was not fighting, as he retreated to his corner saying: "I've had enough."

"What are you a cur?" said Ed. McDonald, his trainer.

"No, I am no cur; but I am in no condition to fight. I had but six hours' notice of this affair."

Burke was in a sorry plight and will not be able to leave the house for some time. Hornbacher's face will not be a thing of beauty for many days, but the fat purse that he won will buy plenty of plaster and arnica for his cuts and bruises. Hornbacher was awarded the fight.

George Ryder, of Brookline, Mass., and Slippery Breen, of Chicago, fought thirty-one rounds, with bare knuckles, in a barn near Boston, on the morning of the 22nd. The battle was for a purse of \$500, and was witnessed by a noisy crowd. The first part of the battle was rather tame. There were two or three heavy and effective blows in the 4th round, but there was very little punishment done until the 11th round. Then Breen made a terrific lunge at Ryder with a blow that laid out the Brookline man. His seconds had hard work to bring him around at the call of time. Ryder was game, however, and in the 12th round got in a couple of upper cuts that were so heavy that Breen was laid out for a few seconds. Foul was claimed, but not allowed. Very heavy fighting was done in the 13th round, with honors easy. The succeeding two rounds were in Ryder's favor, but in the 16th Breen turned the tables. He got in a heavy left-hander on Ryder's right ear, and followed it up with a right-hand upper-cut, which knocked the Brookline man off his feet. Time was called, and it was only by a free use of brandy and lemon juice that Ryder was able to respond. He rallied splendidly, however, and at the end of the 16th round the betting was one hundred to seventy in Ryder's favor. Both men were badly used up when time was called for the 20th round, but they did some remarkably heavy fighting in that and the three succeeding rounds. When the 25th round began it was still nobody's fight. Ryder was knocked against the ropes, and a claim of foul by his friends was not allowed. The dispute among the spectators made such a disturbance that the referee stopped the fight, there being great danger that the racket would be overheard by the police. The danger was a real one, and it became necessary to postpone the continuation of the battle until a new place could be found. This was done, and some hours later time was called for the 26th round in a new location. Ryder started in to do the other man up in the shortest possible time. He hit Breen a left-hand smash between the eyes following it up with a right-hand upper-cut which knocked the Chicago man off his feet. Breen tried to retaliate, but his eyes were badly bloodshot and he was at a great disadvantage. Ryder followed it up, and tried to finish the fight before time was called, and the round, as a whole, was the wickedest of the entire battle. It ended with the advantage strongly in favor of the Brookline man. The next round was as hot as ever, the Brookline man doing the heaviest fighting. He punished Breen terribly about the head. The Chicago man was game, however, and faced the music stubbornly. He got in one good blow at Ryder's wind, but it was just before time was called, and he could not follow up the advantage. In the 28th round Breen kept hammering away at Ryder's body, while his opponent continued to pay attention to the Chicago man's face. In the 29th round the men were a little more anxious and sparred for wind. In the 30th round it was plain that the fight belonged to Ryder, for the Chicago man was nearly knocked out, and the betting was two to one against him, with few takers. Ryder dealt him a terrible blow, cutting open his cheek under the eye. Breen was getting very weak in the knees, and Ryder, seeing this, tried his best to end the fight in that round. Breen got a few blows and returned one, a heavy left-hander, but Ryder retaliated with a right hand crack that sent the Chicago man through the ropes as time was called. Ryder plainly meant to end the fight in the next round. He tried to hit Breen in the stomach but failed, and got a left-hander on the ear with a right hand upper cut to pay him. This was the last blow the Chicago man got in, for Ryder rallied and dealt a tremendous upper-cut blow under the chin which knocked Breen's teeth together, and sent him head over heels backward and senseless into his corner.



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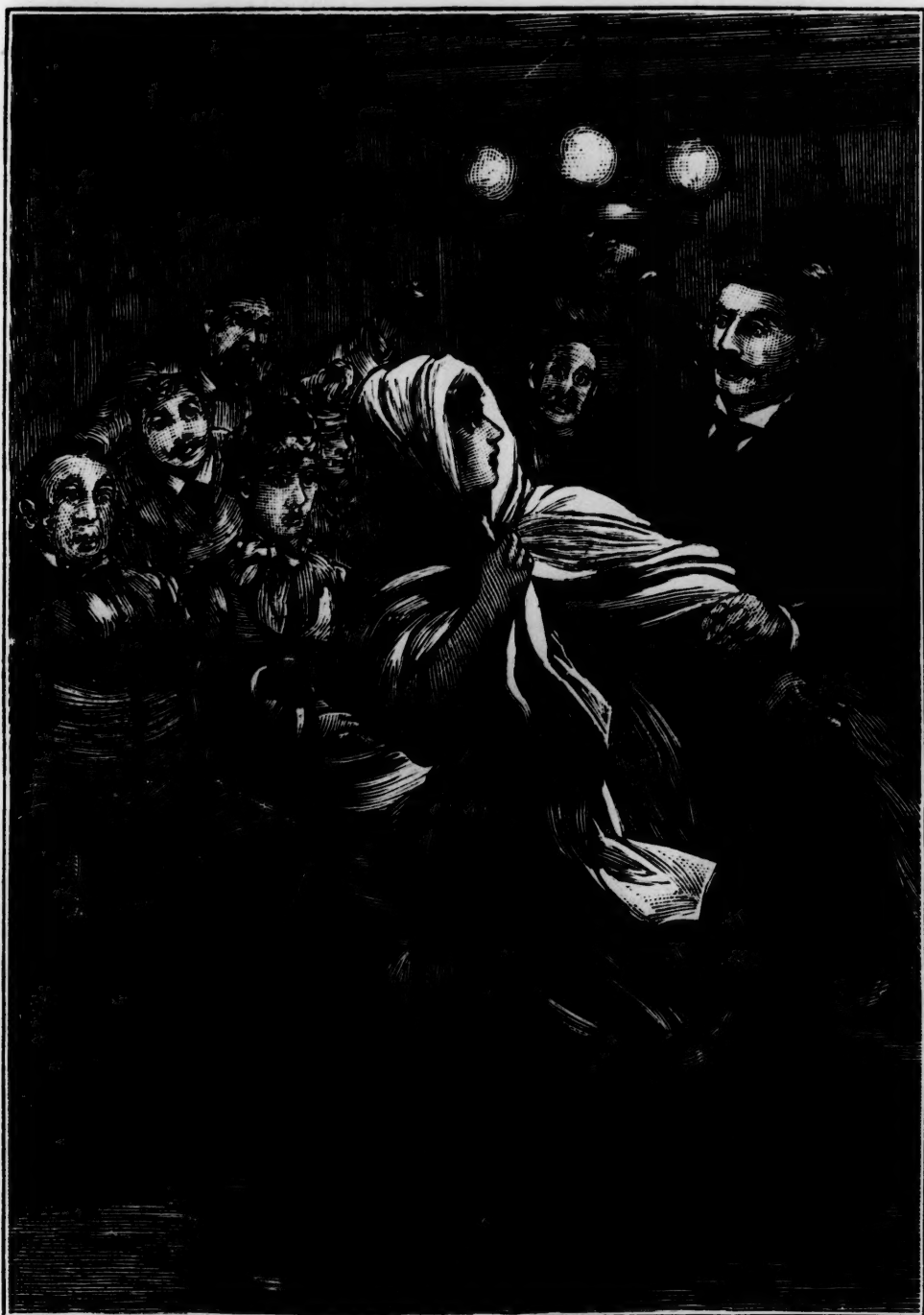
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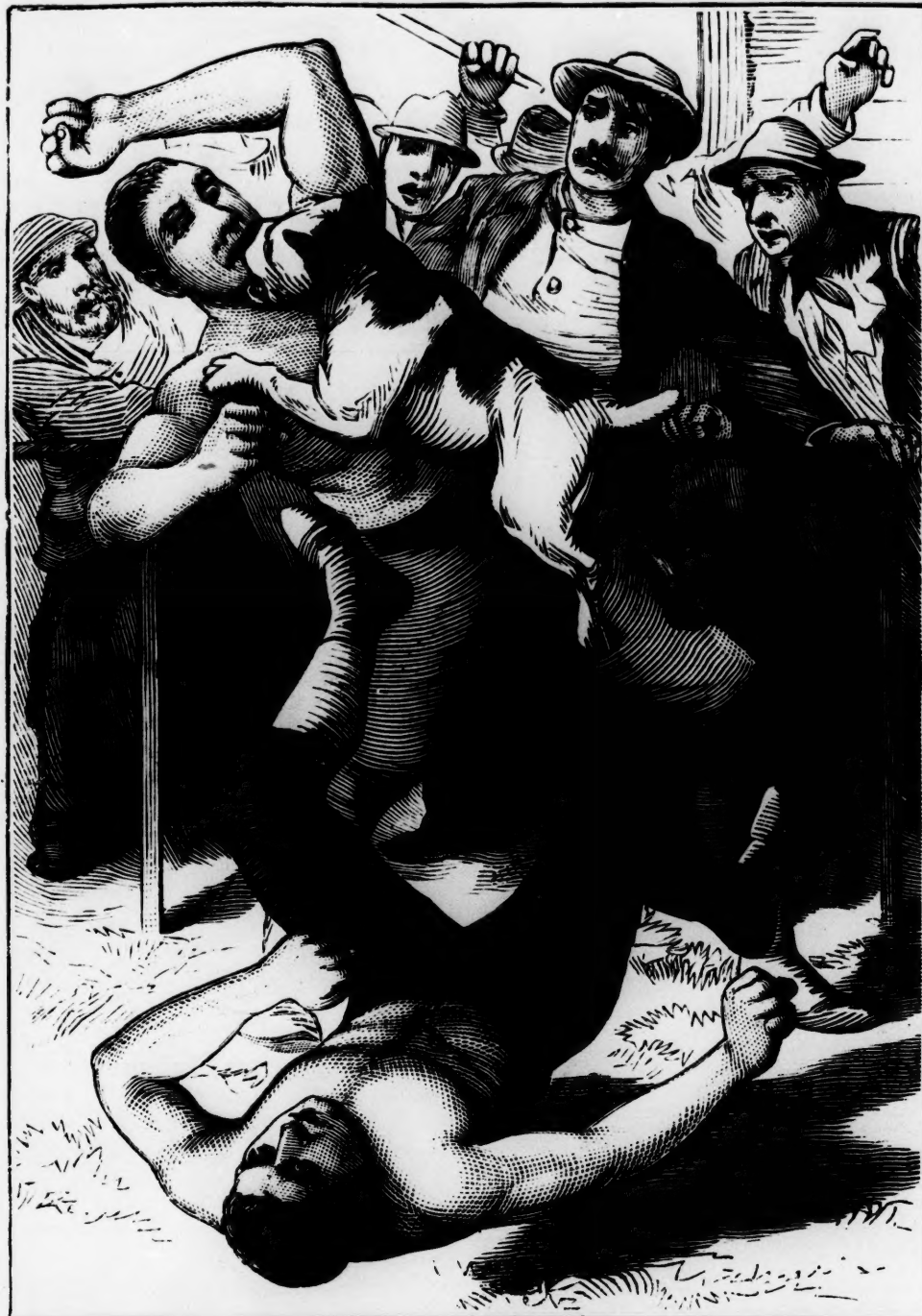
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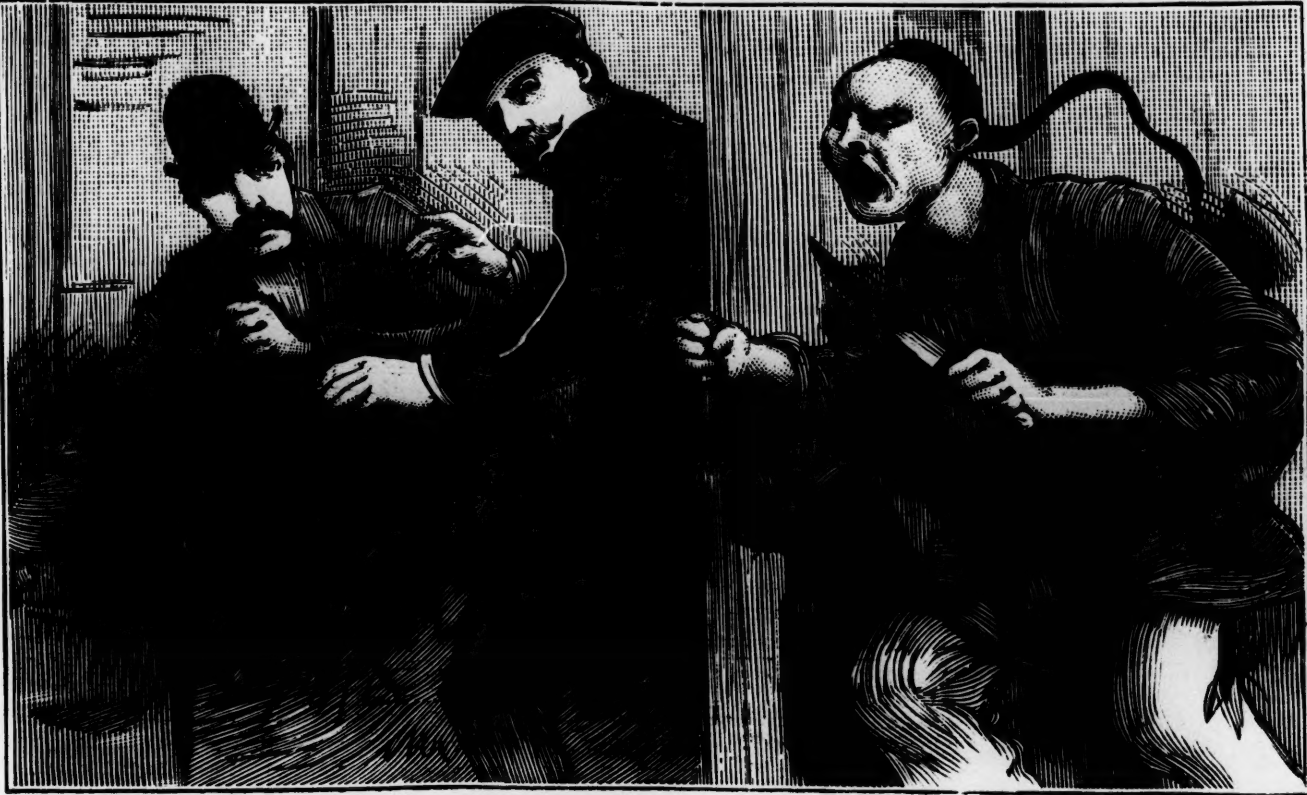
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**10 LOVELY Actresses' Photos,** perfect beauties, 10c.; 3 sets, 25c. Western Supply Co., St. Louis

**20 Rich Photos,** for Gents. Sure to suit, 10c.; 50 for \$5, large cat. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

**16 Photos,** Female Beauties, richest in the market, sealed, 50c. J. W. ELLIS, Box 28, Newark, N. J.

**GENTS' POCKET ALBUM** of Fancy Photos, 20 cts. VARIETY CO., DuBois, Pa.

**10 Cartes De Visites Actresses** in Tights, 25c.; 10 Cabinets, 50c. MCGILL, 304 Henry St., New York.

**HIDDEN SCENERY.** The Lower Regions, 25c. PHOTO NOVELTY CO., McGrawville, N. Y.

**Art Studies.** New and nice, 5c. each, highly colored. Set of 4 for 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

**2 Photos** for gents. Sure to suit, 10c.; 36 for \$1. Lover's Package, 10c. NOVELTY CO., Latham, Ohio.

**SAMPLE SEALED 2c.,** Box 435, Foxboro, Mass.

**100 Stage Beauties,** 25c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

**Set of 2 funny cabinets,** 25c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

**20 photos (card) 10c.** Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

For other advertisements see 11th and 15th pages.

## AGENTS WANTED.

**WORTH YOUR ATTENTION.** Mark this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just costs money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. \$5 a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away, than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**10 CENTS** (silver) pays for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and will be well pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. J. H. ROUSE, Box 25, Boylston, Ind.

**AGENTS** Are coming money handling our PORTRAITS. We furnish SAMPLES FREE. Send for Circulars. F. H. WILLIAMS & CO., 683 & 685 Broadway, N. Y.

**\$250 EVERY MONTH** 1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED. SATIN-LINED CASKET OF SILVER-WARE, sent free. Write for it. Address WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., Wallingford, Conn.

**\$75 A MONTH** and expenses paid any person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars free. We mean what we say. Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

**Diseases of men a specialty.** Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**SEE HERE!** Why not save one half on 1,000 useful Articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

**LADY AGENTS WANTED** for Ladies and Children. Wear Valuable samples free conditionally. Write Mrs. F. C. Farrington, Box 648, Chicago.

**GREENBACKS** Are as Good as Gold.—Send 25c. for samples. Lots of money made working for A. H. HAMMOND, Wareham, Mass.

**\$5 to \$8 a day.** Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horses feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

**\$2 FREE** sample and salary paid agents; a great invention. A. P. SPEIRS, N. Windham, Me.

**AGENTS WANTED** for my Fast-Selling articles. Samples, etc., free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

**Counterfeit Money,** not any (1) sample (fine paper) 10c. SUPPLY CO., Drawer K, Albany, N. Y.

**Counterfeit Money,** not any (1) sample (fine paper) 10c. Address Lock Box 645, Rutland, Vt.

**If you wish to earn money easily address** A. Box 330, Trenton, N. J.

**RUBBER GOODS.**

Your Name and Address on this Pen & Pencil Stamp only 25c

Only 25c

Send us postage stamps or postal note and we will send you one by return mail, postpaid.

**C. J. CONOLLY & CO.,** 3 S. Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

**Stencil & Stamp Works.**

Your Name on this Pencil Stamp, 25c.

with India Ink, ag'ts terms & outfit free. Agents are selling hundreds of these at p. Thalman Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. Leading Importers & Wholesale Stamp House.

**WE ARE STILL IN THE LEAD!** Excelsior Stencil and Stamp Works, GAY and LOMBARD STS., BALTIMORE, MD. Send 25c. for a Pen and Pencil, with Rubber Stamp, your name and bottle of ink. We give AGENTS the best Discounts. Send 10c. for Catalogue and Great Special Offer, this will be returned when orders have amounted to \$1.00.

**ARTICLES DE CAOUTCHOUC.** Protecteurs d'habit pour les dames. Prix, 50 cents; 2, 30 cents. Porte-allumettes pour les messieurs. Prix, 25 cents; 3, 30 cents. Protecteurs d'habit, et 3 Porte-allumettes, \$1. IMPORTING COMPANY, Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

**YOUR NAME** Stamp. Also ag'ts terms and outfit. All free to you as possible ag't. Postage 10c. ATLANTIC RUBBER STAMP MFG CO., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

**The Gum Protector,** Pat. Jan. 4, '87. Infringements prosecuted. Sample, 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7 for \$1.00. Cir. for stp. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

**AT THERE!** Our new Pen & Pencil Stamp, with your name and ad. on only 50c. All kinds of rubber stamps cheap. AVOCA MFG. CO., Avoca, Neb.

**Rubber Stamps.** Best made. Immense Catalogue free to Agents. G. A. HARPER MFG. CO., Cleveland, O.

**25 Cts.** will mail you a Comb, Pen and Pencil. Rubber Stamp. C. Whithorn, 120 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

**Ladies' "Peerless" Shields,** patented, 50c. each; 3 for \$1. R. F. C. Co., Box 527, Boston, Mass.

**NUMISMATIC.**

**Cut this out, it will not appear again. LOOK SHARP FOR RARE COINS.** I pay from \$1 to \$100 premium on hundreds of rare U. S. coins up to 1878. Thousands of dollars often made in one day. Send for particulars. W. VONBERGEN, Cambridge, Mass.

**Confederate money (bills).** Self-addressed stamped envelope for particulars. F. TEXE, Box 537, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

**PERSONAL.**

**ARE YOU MARRIED?** If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members \$250 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn.

**MARRIED LADIES** or those contemplating marriage, will, by sending 10c. to pay postage, receive by return mail a package of goods and information important to every lady. F. B. SKILL, New Haven, Ct.

**Emissions and Waste** stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**H. Bailey,** Port Norris, N. J. Address with 2c. stp.

For other advertisements see 11th and 15th pages.

## PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

## A SURE CURE OR NO PAY.

## OUR MAGIC REMEDY

Will Positively Cure All Syphilitic

Diseases of Recent or Long

Standing in From Ten

to Twenty Days.

## THIS MAGIC REMEDY

Has been handed down from father to son for FOUR GENERATIONS.

Discovered in Europe over one hundred years ago, and the secret was never disclosed to any one out of the family until we became the owners. It was never offered to the public at large except by THE COOK REMEDY CO., now sole owners. The last son of the family owned it for thirty-three years and has never in all this time known it to fail in a single instance, and every cure has been permanent.

**We Guarantee It to be an Infallible**

Remedy for Syphilis,

A disease which heretofore has baffled ALL MEDICAL SCIENCE.

It is no secret among skilled physicians that there is no positive cure for this dreadful disease.

**We have a Regular Physician in attendance** who is a graduate of several colleges and has had over 35 years' experience.

If we fail to cure, THE COOK REMEDY CO. WILL REFUND ALL MONEY AND PAY ENTIRE EXPENSE INCURRED IN VISITING OMAHA, whether the distance be ten or ten thousand miles.

We seldom require 30 days in the most obstinate cases, and 10 to 15 days in all recent cases.

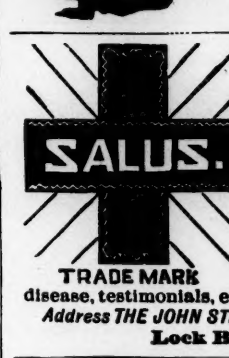
Our reputation as business men, the company's financial standing, together with the character, reputation and skill of our physicians will bear the most rigid investigation, and the result will justify any one afflicted with syphilitic or any blood disease in placing themselves in our hands for a cure.

All classes of people may consult or correspond with us without exposure in any way.

THE COOK REMEDY CO., OMAHA, NEBRASKA.



**TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES and COPAIBA** Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its most portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.



**STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY**



## MEDICAL.

**ELECTRIC BELT FREE**

TO INTRODUCE, IT WE WILL FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS GIVE AWAY FREE OF CHARGE TO THOSE LIKELY TO MAKE GOOD AGENTS, ONE OF OUR \$500 GERMAN ELECTRIC BELTS. \$500 REWARD PAID FOR ANY BELT WE MANUFACTURE THAT DOES NOT GENERATE A GENUINE GALVANIC CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY. ADDRESS AT ONCE GERMAN ELECTRIC AGENCY, P.O. BOX 178 BROOKLYN N.Y.

**EXHAUSTED VITALITY.****Health and Strength Regained****Knowledge is Power: Read!****KNOW THYSELF!****HEAL THYSELF!**

The above cut represents the obverse and reverse sides of the GOLD and JEWELLED MEDAL presented to Dr. W. H. Parker by the NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, in recognition of his masterly Medical Treatise, entitled the **SCIENCE OF LIFE OR SELF PRESERVATION**, which treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Exhausted Vitality, and the ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to, whether arising from Errors of Youth, Imprudence, Over Taxation, Excesses, Accidental or Constitutional Predisposition. It is an invaluable treatise for the Young, the Middle-Aged, and even the Old, whether in health or disease. No other work equal to it has ever been published. It has been highly praised by the newspaper press throughout the country, and even in England. Three hundred pages, substantially bound, embossed muslin, full gilt. Contains 125 extraordinary prescriptions for prevailing diseases, either one of which is worth five times the price of the book, while some of them are absolutely invaluable, and should be in the hands of everybody. Guaranteed the best work upon the above named subjects, or the money returned in every instance. by mail postpaid, and concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative PRICE ONLY ONE DOLLAR, pamphlet, prospectus, free, if you send now. Cut this out, as you may never see it again. Address **DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 BULFINCH ST., BOSTON, MASS.**, who is the **CHIEF CONSULTING PHYSICIAN OF THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE**, and may be confidentially consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience.

**EARLY DECAY.**

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SENSE, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EXTENSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC. ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery. A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ignorance and folly, causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH. WILL THERE BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunate? Or will you accept A CURE and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so simple you can doctor yourself, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an instrument worn at NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 527, CLEVELAND, OHIO. MENTION THIS PAPER.

**WEAK MEN!**

Whose VITALITY is falling. Brain DRAINED and EXHAUSTED or Power PREMATURELY WASTED may find a perfect and reliable cure in the **FRENCH HOSPITAL REMEDIES** originated by **DR. JEAN CIVIL** of Paris, France. Adopted by all French Physicians and being rapidly and successfully introduced here. All weakness, losses and drains promptly checked. TREATISE giving newspaper and medical endorsements, &c. FREE. Consultation (office or by mail) with six eminent doctors FREE. CIVIL AGENCY, No. 174 Fulton Street, New York

**SEXUAL POWER**

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the delicious MEXICAN CONFECTION, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. Address SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.

**ELECTRIC BELT FREE.** To introduce it we will give, free of charge, a few of our German Electric Galvanic Suspensory Belts. Price \$5; a positive, unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Emissions, Impotency, &c. ELECTRIC AGENCY, P.O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**WEAK Without Stomach Medicines.** Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Perfect restoration assured by the Marston Balm. Sealed Treatise free on application. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

**AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL ACCEPT** our Remedy for Seminal Emissions; simple; price, \$1. Thousands of cures; no medicine. B. B. R. AGENCY, Gtn., Pa. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

For other advertisements see 11th and 14th pages.

**TOBACCO Habit Cured.**

NO-TO-BAC is a positive and permanent cure for the Tobacco Habit in every form. Thousands have used it successfully and gladly testify to its merits. It is one of Nature's own Remedies and will build up, fortify and rejuvenate the weak and unstrung nerves at the same time destroy the desire for tobacco, and eradicate the poisonous nicotine from the system. It is made of roots and herbs, compressed tablet form, and is perfectly harmless. One to three packages, guaranteed to cure any case, if used according to the simple directions. Price, \$1 a Box; 3 Boxes, \$2.50. For sale by druggists generally or sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. Address THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY CO., (Incorporated) LaFayette, Ind. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Dr. Ricord's (of Paris) Paste Bismarck** French Paste, for all private diseases, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Inflammation of Kidneys, Bladder, Urethra, &c.; recent or chronic, in either sex. The remedy of the greatest specialist in the disease is on earth, \$1 package. BROWN WASH, useful in acute cases, \$1 package. Sent free on receipt of price. M. J. WILLIAMS, Druggist at Oshkosh, Wis. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**MAGNETINE** is guaranteed to ENLARGE and invigorate ANY undeveloped, weak or wasted part of body, increase SEXUAL POWER and desire, and cure impotency and sterility. ITS USE WILL CONVINCE ANY ONE OF ITS WONDERFUL POWERS AND MARVELOUS EFFECTS. Price \$1, postpaid. G. YATES, Box 252, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**TO WEAK MEN** suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

**LADIES** Knight's (English) Steel and Pennyroyal Pills are safe, effectual and the only genuine. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.04 in stamps by ALFRED P. KNIGHT, Druggist, 330 State St., Chicago, Ill.

"HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK." We have retailed at our store 38,575 boxes of MRS. NELL'S COMPOUND EXTRACT COCAINE, CUBEBES AND IRON. It is a CERTAIN AND SPEEDY cure. Price \$1.00 by mail. C. E. Monell, Druggist, 1st Ave., corner Houston Street, New York, and by druggists generally.

**SEXUAL POWER REGAINED.** Sufferers from all Private diseases, youthful errors, &c., can be fully and quickly restored. Home cure. Send for 32-page book FREE. Dr. D. H. Lowe, Winsted, Conn.

**LADIES** My Tansy Regulation Pills never fail. Try them. No pain, insure regularity, safe and effectual. Far superior to ergot, pennyroyal or other. \$1 per package. Sent secure by mail. DR. R. F. CATON, Box 3257, Boston, Mass.

**MAGNETIC SPONGE**, enlarges ANY part of the body and strengthens sexual power, or money refunded. Price, \$2; for 30 days, \$1. Address MAGNETO ELECTRO CO., 11 Ous Block, Chicago.

For other advertisements see 11th and 14th pages.



When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

**FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,**

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address **H. C. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK**

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**OF INTEREST TO MEN**

Manly Vigor, Weakness or Loss of Memory permanently restored by the use of an entirely new remedy, **The Yerba Santa** from Spain. Spanish Trochescs never fail. Our illustrated, 32 page book and testimonials (sent sealed). Every man should read it. **VON GRAEF TROCHES CO., FREE, 59 Park Place, New York.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**SUFFERING WOMEN**

When troubled with those annoying Irregularities so frequently following a cold or exposure, or from Constitutional Weaknesses so peculiar to their sex, should use **DR. DUCHONNE'S Celebrated FEMALE REGULATING PILLS.** They are strengthening to the entire system, impart tone, vigor and magnetic force to all functions of body and mind. Sent by mail, securely sealed, \$1. Address, **Dr. Harter Medicine Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Nervous Weakness and Lost Manhood** are often due to excessive drains in kidney affections. So says Dr. Shattuck, the noted nerve and kidney specialist of the Bloomsburg Sanatorium, the discoverer of Rest Cure Specific, the only permanent cure for Bright's Disease and other kidney, liver and blood diseases. If your druggist cannot furnish the standard remedy send \$9 for one dozen or \$5 for half a dozen, and you will never regret it. REST CURE SPECIFIC CO., Bloomsburg, Pa. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Manhood Restored.**

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, **C. J. MASON, P.O. Box 3179, New York**

MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUSPENSORY cure nervous debility, loss of manhood, weakness of body and mind, youthful errors, weak back. Write for book on Manly Vigor, free. DR. W. YOUNG, 200 Hudson St., N. Y.

**GONORRHOEA** and Gleet cured in 7 to 10 days. Medicine sent by express, prepaid, sealed from antiseptic or money refunded. WESTERN REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

**CONSUMPTION** throat and bronch. A late discovery. Sample bottles free with treatise containing directions for home treatment. Give express office. DR. WM. F. G. NOELTING & CO., E. Hampton, Ct.

**TO THE AFFLICTED** of either sex. Female Weakness, Manhood Lost, and every condition of Nervous Debility, etc. Address with 2c. stamp, **Moody & Co., Leesville, Middlesex Co., Conn.**

**CATARRH** positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample package and book for 4 cents in stamps. **E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.**

**Piles** Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no saline; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, **J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.**

**DR. LAFAYETTE'S REMEDY** FOR GONORRHOEA IN ALL ITS STAGES. Guaranteed. By Express: Circular for stamp. Address VALE SPECIALTY CO., PROSPECT, Ont.

**OPIMUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**Perfektone** strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. MED. INST., 21 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted)

**Tansy and Pennyroyal.** Dr. Taylor's English Female Regulation Pills, the original and only genuine, are safe and always reliable. Never fail. Mailed, \$1. C. A. DREES, Druggist, Buffalo, N. Y.

For other advertisements see 11th and 14th pages.

## MEDICAL.

**ERRORS OF YOUTH.**

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

**BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!**

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/4 drachm.  
Jerubebbin, 1/4 drachm.  
Helonias Dioica, 1/4 drachm.  
Gelsemin, 8 grains.  
Ext. ignatiae amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.  
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.  
Glycerin, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5. Address or call on

**NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,**  
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**IF YOU WANT TO KNOW**

1,001 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs. How life is perpetuated, health saved, disease induced, How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, How to apply Home-Cure to all forms of disease, How to cure Croup, Old Eyes, Kupture, Phimosis, etc., How to make, be happy in Marriage and have perfect babies. A picked lot of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh-Cure book called **MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE.** Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH." The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or imitations. (Name) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. **NAME PAPER.** Chichester Chemical Co., 3515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**NIGHT** emissions. Sure cure. Cured my case after all Doctors failed. Pains and inflammation relieved at once. 13 cases cured here since July 1st. Postpaid, \$2.00 per box. One enough. F. B. WILBUR, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**YES WE MEAN YOU OUR**

**DUPLEX ELECTRIC BELTS** WILL CURE YOU. CIRCULARS FREE. UNITED ELECTRIC CO., Mfrs Electricians, Cleveland, O. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**M. S. S.** A certain cure for Syphilis, either in its first or oldest stages. Any kind of its running sores, Ulcers, Piles, Milk Leg, Proud Flesh. No cure, money returned. \$1.00 per box by return. Address, **HARRIS FARM, Springdale, Montana.** Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.** Drs. Miller & Jamison, 41 West 26th Street, New York, cure every case of piles, no matter how bad or how long standing. No cutting or ligating or chloroform used. Patients generally attend to business while under treatment. Circulars and testimonials sent free.

**SPANISH INVIGORATOR** Enlarges weak and undeveloped parts, increases sexual power and gives new life to those exhausted. Nothing on earth cures gleet so quickly. By mail, \$1. DR. R. F. CATON, Box 3257, Boston, Mass.

**GEDNEY'S PEARLS.** A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for G. and G. Write for circular. Sealed Box of 40 by mail for \$1.00. J. W. GEDNEY, 205 E. 88th St., N. Y.

**GENTLEMEN,** Have you got it? Remember Dr. Smyth can cure any case. Send stamp for particulars. DR. SMYTH, Williamstown, Conn.

**Impediments to marriage** removed by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS** of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent (sealed) free. **ELIK MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills.** For lost manhood, impotence and nervous debility; \$2, sent by mail. DR. FULLER, 420 Canal St., N. Y.

**PRIVATE Troubles** and Weakness from abuse or excess. Male or female. Treatise free. Address **DR. WARD & CO., 307 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe** combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 420 Canal St., N. Y.

**SEMINAL Weakness, Nervous Debility,** Falling Power and Memory cured. Particulars free. B. R. CO., Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

**NIGHT** Emissions stopped. Sexual power secured. Instrument 20c. L. Henry 374 Lake St., Chicago. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**St. John's Nerve Tonic** increases Sexual Power, cures Lost Vigor, Nervous Prostration, Debility. By mail, 50c. CHAS. ST. JOHN, 90 John St., New York.

**Positive Cure for GON. or SYPH.** G. \$1. S. \$2. Sure Preventive against disease. \$1. Circulars free. F. EDWARDS, Wichita, Kan.

**ASTHMA** Remedy. The Best. Price, \$1.00. Box 118, Clinton, Ont.

**AMUSEMENTS**

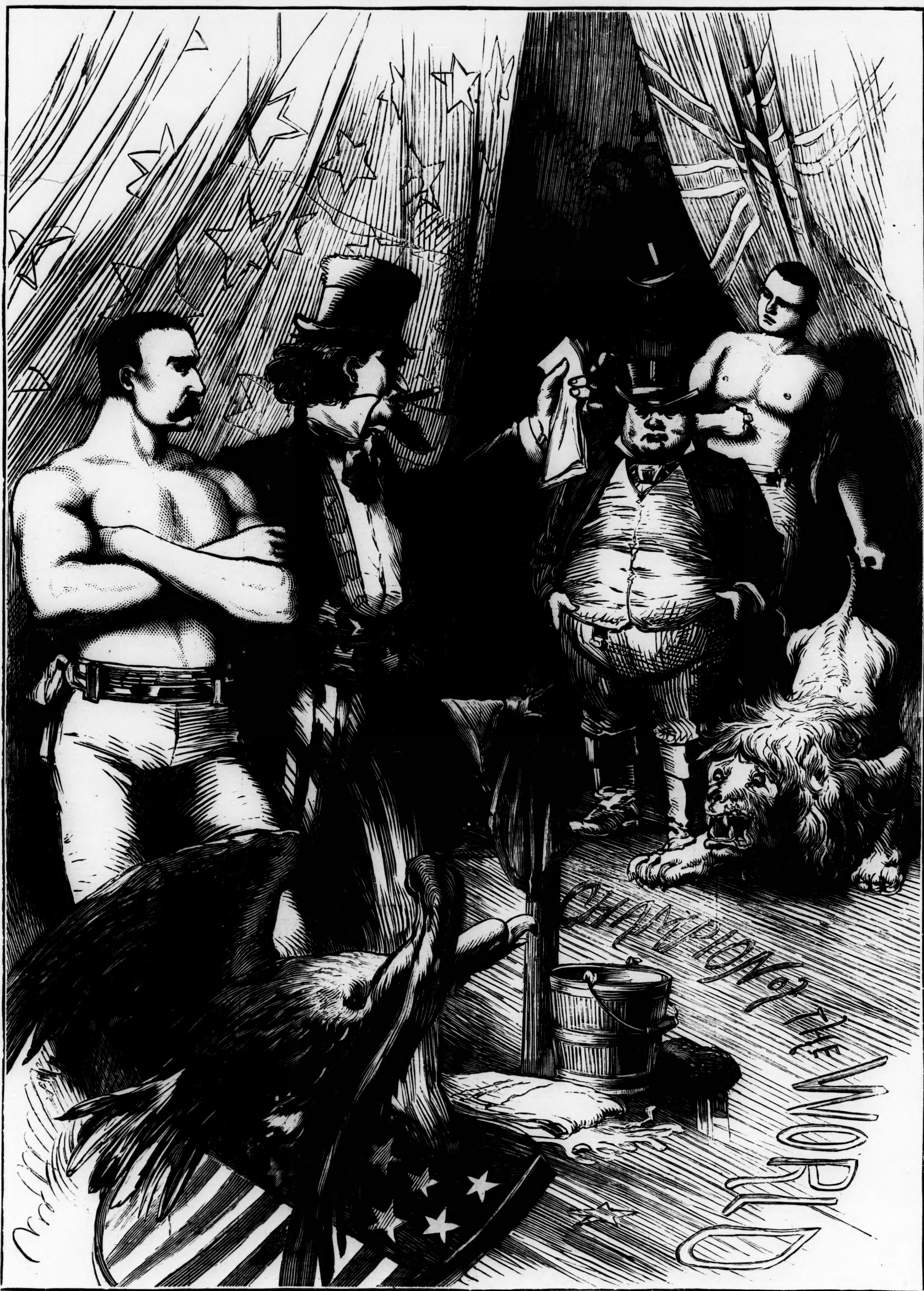
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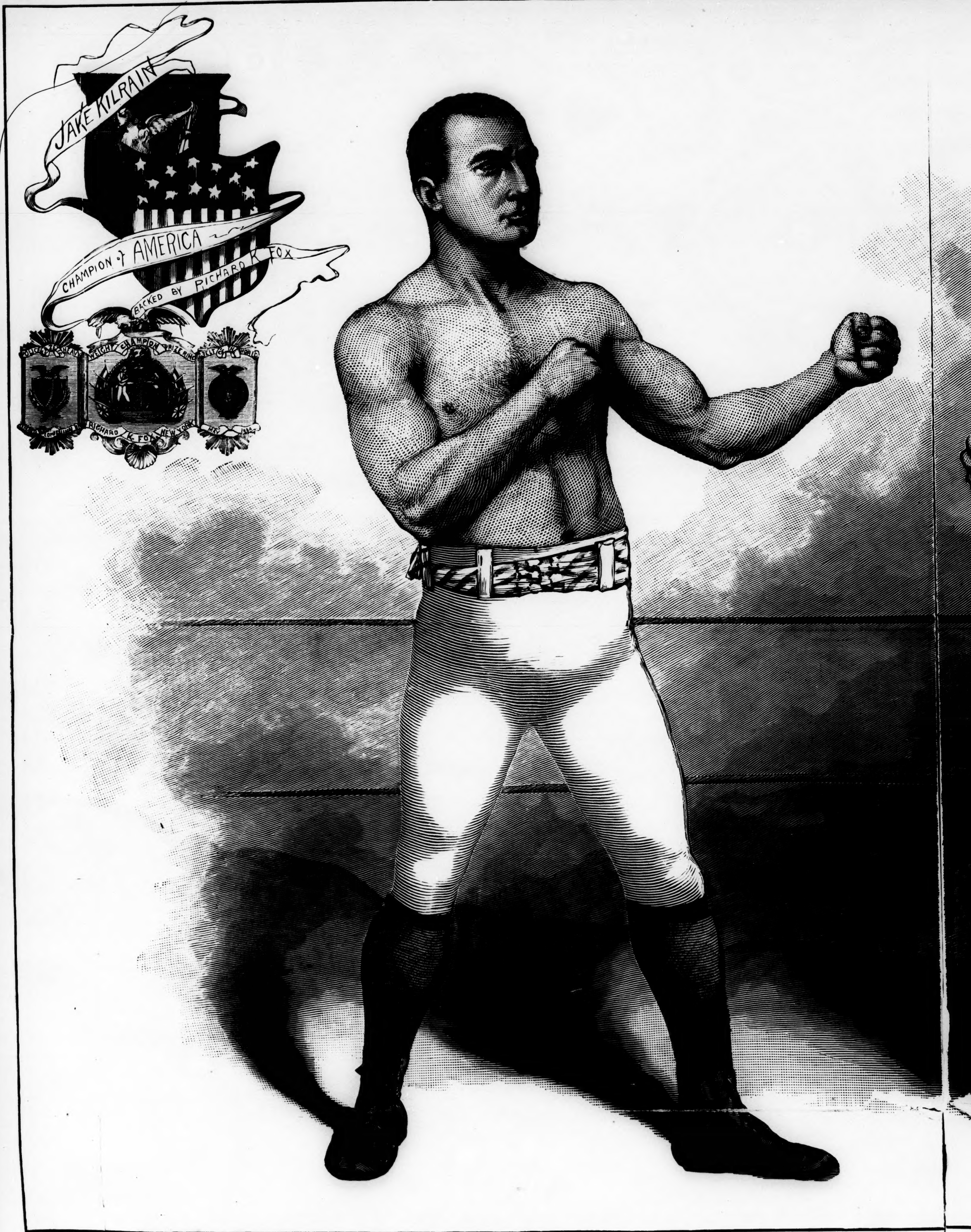




UNCLE SAM'S LAST WORD TO JOHN BULL.

"ALL WE WANT FOR OUR CHAMPION, JAKE KILRAIN, IS FAIR PLAY AND NO FAVOR, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT."

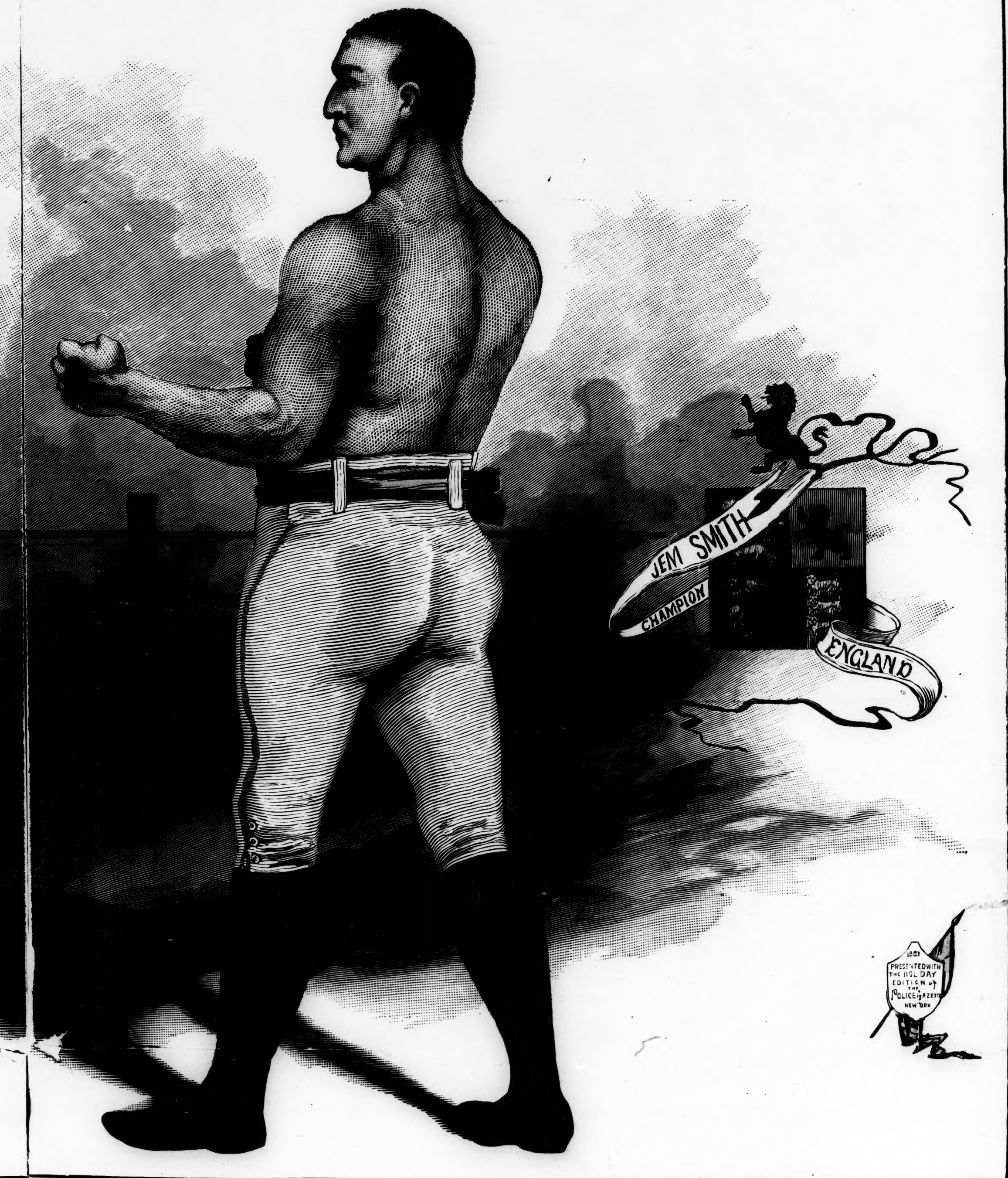




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